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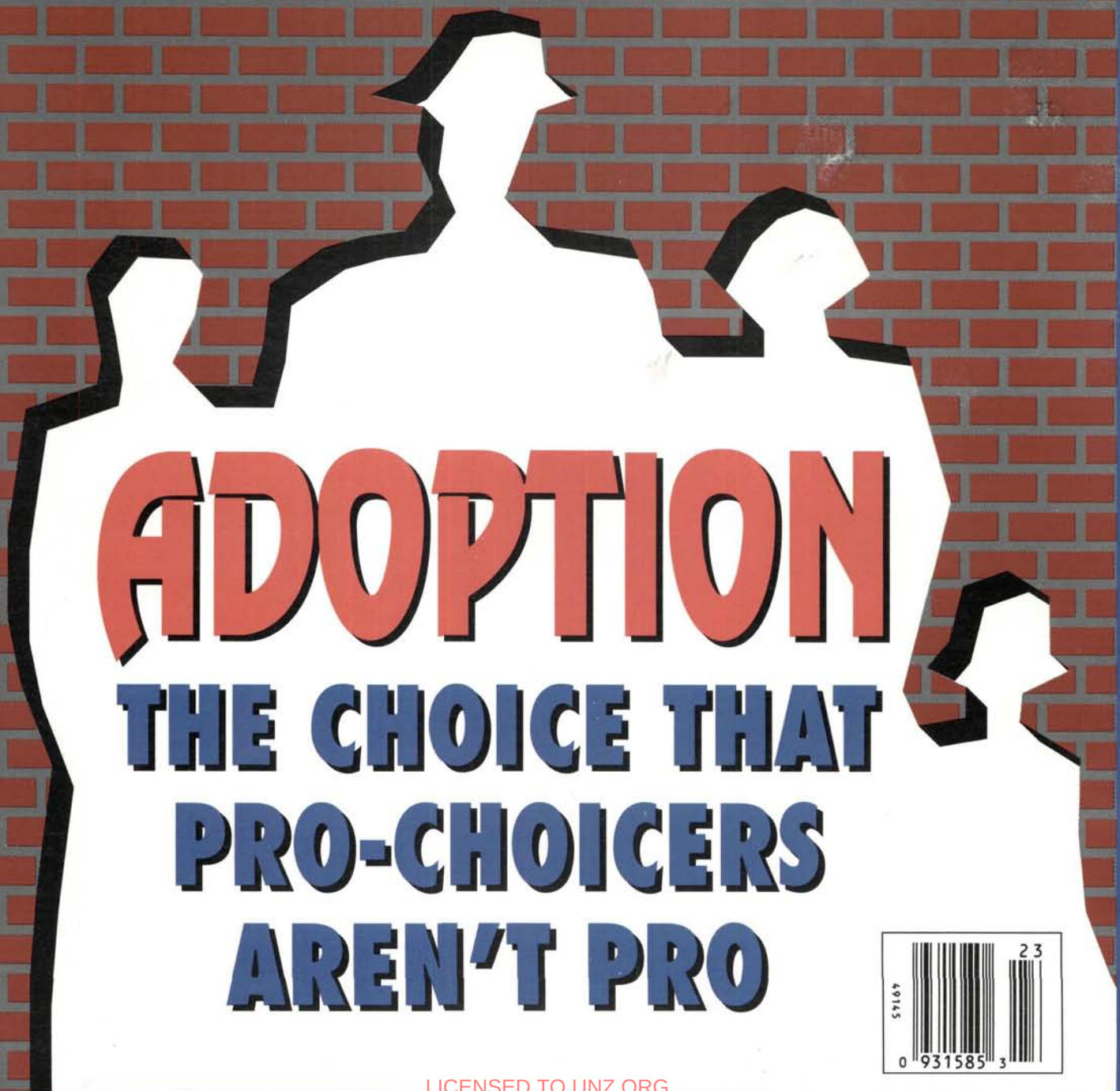
AIDS And The Arts

History, Humanity, and Truth – by Robert Conquest

NATIONAL REVIEW



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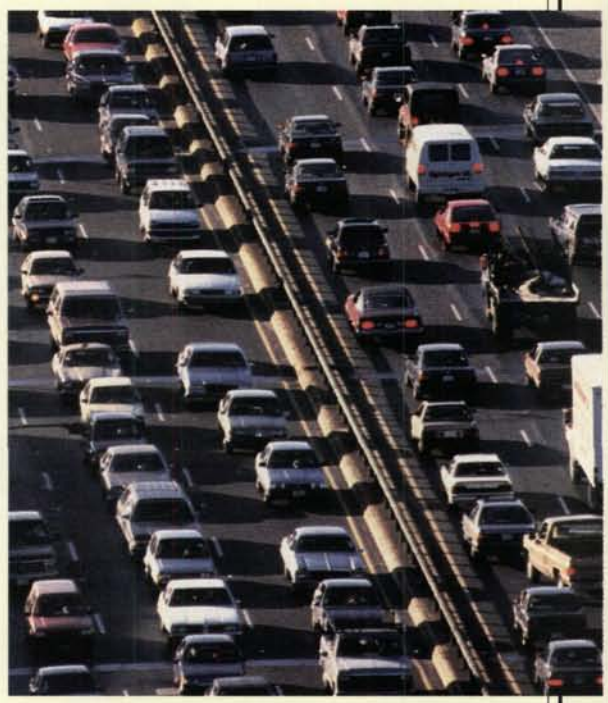

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NATIONAL REVIEW

JUNE 7, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 11

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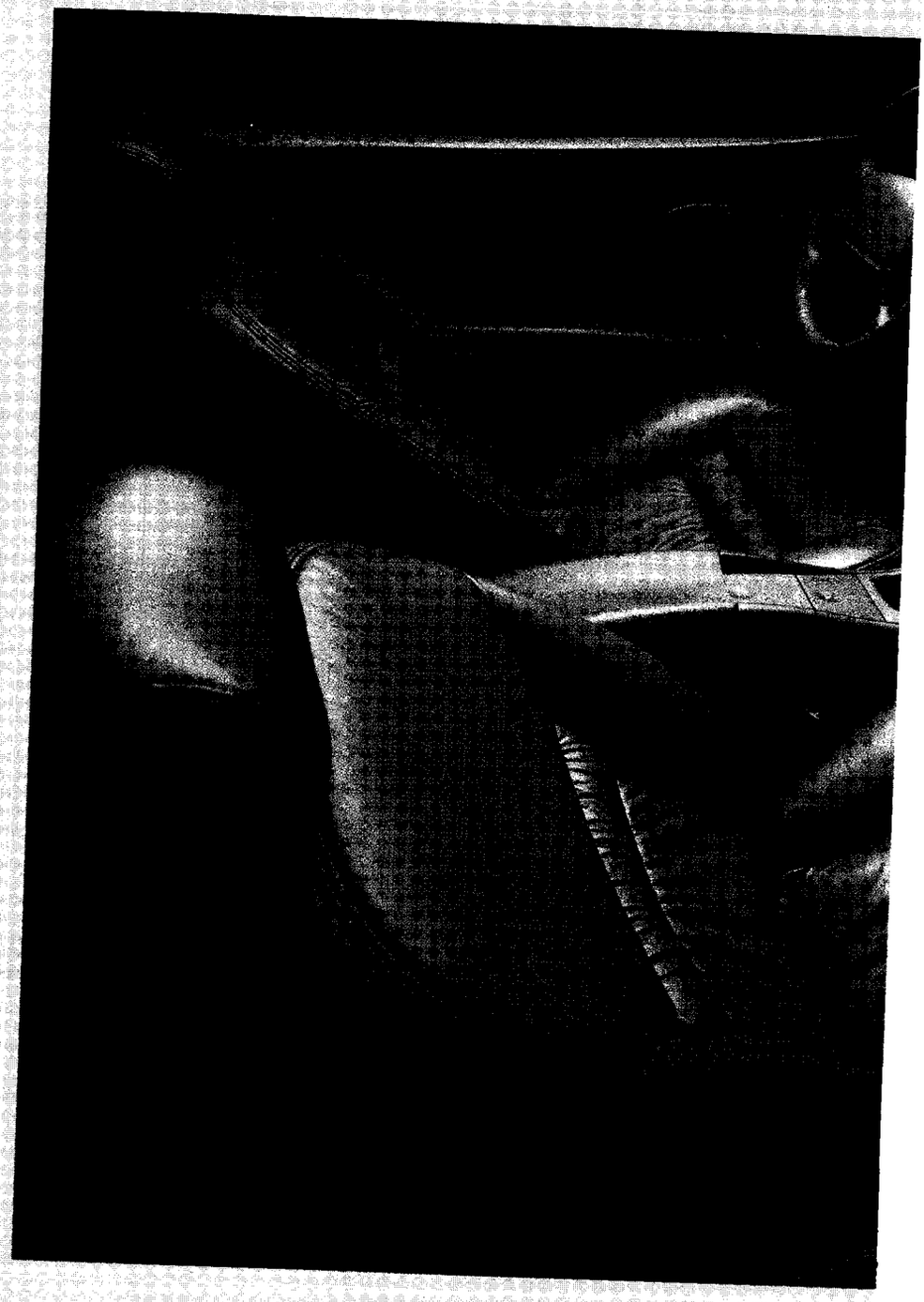

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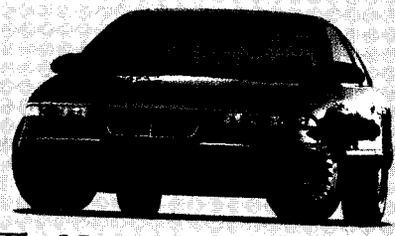

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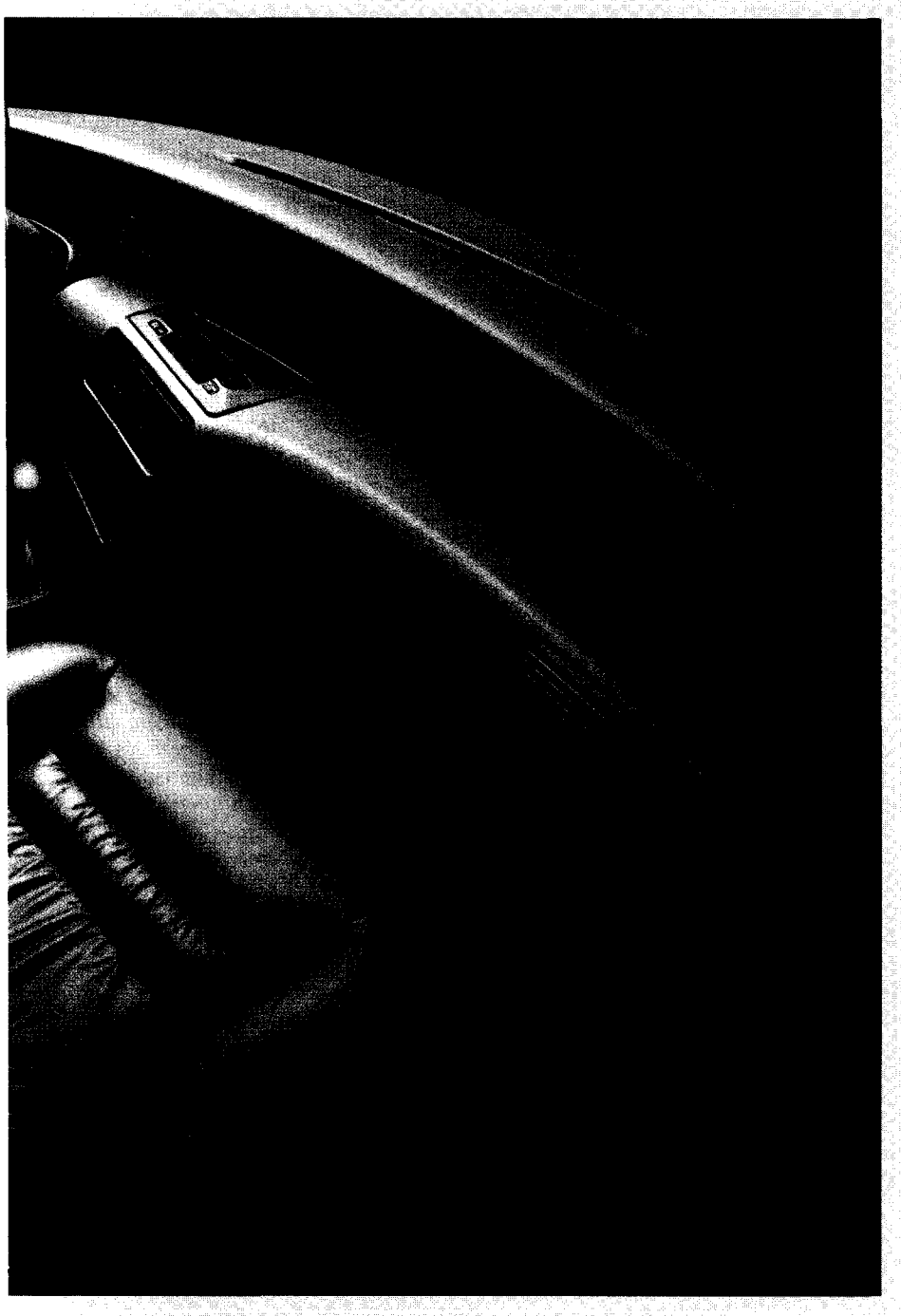

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LETTERS

Laissez-Nous le Faire

As a bank officer, I have been concerned for some time about the long-term viability of commercial banking in the United States as new credit markets evolve to take away our best borrowers ["Breaking the Banks," by Robert Stowe England, April 12]. Banking legislation occupies a 1930s time capsule. After years of protectionism and the kid-gloved hand, we can no longer demand a special seat at the convocation of the financiers. The FDIC and its attendant regulation have eviscerated banking, leading to unwise management and slothful investors, both anathemas to financial prosperity.

Bankers must ask for no special privilege, no avoidance of risk, no insulation from competition, and no restriction on the freedom to fail. This freedom should come not at the taxpayers' expense, but at the expense of owners and employees. Our freedom to offer any financial product and enter any financial market will be tolerated only if the FDIC is abolished. Cling to government franchise and the industry will correctly wither.

J. Pitt Tomlinson IV
Bethesda, Md.

A Friend of Our Enemies?

Professor John Charmley ["Letters," April 12] should not presume to lecture *NR* on what conservatives ought to think; he scarcely qualifies for our ranks.

American commentators are perfectly able to read and reject his arguments right now. The legion of America-haters within our media have given him gallons of ink since January. (They'll love his *next* book, which will show how Britain sold her soul to the barbarous Yanks *after* the war, by joining our protracted struggle against Communism.)

While Charmley does not "say" that Britain should have made peace with Hitler in 1941, what he does say—that Churchill should have disengaged from active opposition—amounts to the same thing. The result would have been Nazi world hegemony. This, Charmley asks us to believe, would have been preferable to a world half dominated by the Soviets and half by the Americans. This is not a "conservative" opinion.

No conservatives think the results of World War II were "admirable." They think it could have been a damn sight worse—had it not been for people like Winston Churchill. The problem is, as one reviewer wrote, "Charmley's withering contempt for Churchill is at times so indiscriminate that it builds resistance in his readers." Yes—resistance to taking Charmley seriously.

Richard M. Langworth
President
International Churchill Society
Hopkinton, N.H.

Fostering Bureaucracy

As a social worker at McMahon Services for Children, a private New York City foster-care agency, I spend seven hours a day, five days a week, screening foster-parent applicants. I was accordingly startled to read in Seth Farber's article, "The Real Abuse" [April 12], that there is no screening process for foster parents. New York State Department of Social Services regulations require that applicants be assessed in the areas of physical health, emotional and financial stability, moral character, capacity for mature judgment, child-care experience and discipline methods, and strength of family and community ties. Their homes must be safe and reasonably comfortable. Personal, employment, and school references (on applicants' children) must be obtained. During the period from March 1992 to February 1993, my agency received 91 applications but certified only 30 homes.

A number of Mr. Farber's other assertions are highly questionable. He maintains that most foster-care placements are "poverty cases," in which children are removed from their parents' care because the family is economically disadvantaged. If this were the case, it would be difficult to account for the large numbers of children living with their parents in homeless shelters. In fact, the vast majority of placements are related to drug abuse, particularly crack.

Mr. Farber asserts that children are growing up in foster care. In 1979, New York State mandated that permanent homes be found for foster children after 18 months. In 1992, 52.4 per cent of the children who were discharged from McMahon went home to their parents. An additional 19.5 per cent went to live with relatives. Most of the remainder were adopted.

Sara S. Frear
Sunnyside, N.Y.

Miss Frear is correct: I ought to have said that since the rate of child abuse in the foster-care system is not less than but, by all accounts, much greater than that in the general population, one might surmise the "screening process" is of little or no value.

I suggest that Miss Frear read the Wexler book cited in my article to disabuse herself of the numerous misconceptions she has, including the popular falsehood that the majority of foster-care placements are due to drug abuse. Her roseate depiction of the system, and her contention that most families are reunited, is pure fantasy.

An expansion of the welfare state has increased the bureaucracy's ability to intrude into the most personal domains of our lives. Once a child is removed from his home by the CWA, a parent who lacks copious financial resources can do little to regain custody. This is because the right to be presumed innocent until proven guilty has been annulled: the family-court judge typically decides to sanction the breakup of the family not on the basis of evidence presented but almost exclusively on the basis of a court-ordered "psychological evaluation."

An unbiased person reading hundreds of these reports would find that my fellow psychologists are not objective scientists but mental-health missionaries who regard virtually everyone as mentally damaged beings in need of salvation by professionals. —SF

Liberal Artists

As a Juilliard-trained composer/lyricist writing in the cabaret-music genre, I am in wholehearted agreement with Anthony Lejeune's observations in "No More Enchanted Evenings" [March 29]. I, for one, am tired of politics (*any* politics) being injected into the contemporary musical scene, and believe that it is one of the many reasons there is such a dearth of great contemporary songs in today's repertoire. The songwriters and lyricists are busier promoting a (liberal) political agenda than entertaining people. Furthermore, I can't help wondering what will happen to this and future generations of youth who are being fed a steady diet of highly politicized rap, and rock.

Donnalynn Wendt
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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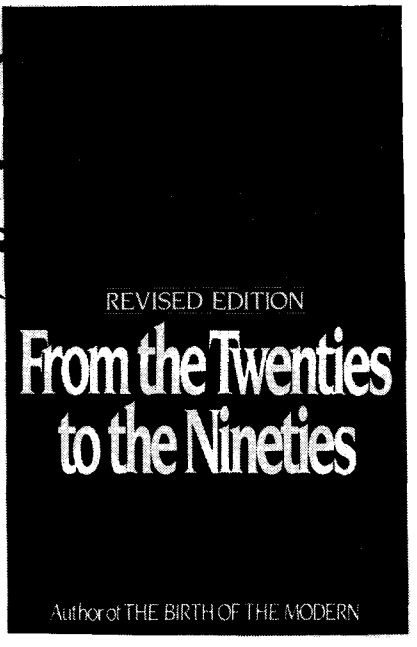

Paul Johnson rescues the 1980s from the liberals

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FROM THE EDITOR

Au dessus de sa gare

■ There is a wonderful silly joke in Terence Rattigan's farce, *French without Tears*, in which an idle young man learning French is asked to translate "she has ideas above her station," and making a brave stab at it, replies "elle a des idées au dessus de sa gare," which I will translate back as "she has ideas upon her railway terminus."

Every time I see Hillary Clinton, I think of that joke.

Just lately she has been dazzling the press with her grasp of philosophy, with a speech in Texas on "the politics of meaning," and an interview in the *Washington Post* in which she ranged broadly over life, death, God, and spirituality. Presumably taxes are too sensitive a topic.

She was fortunate in finding the ideal interlocutor in the *Post's* Martha Sherrill who brought a breathless admiration to her task: "She is both impersonal and poignant—with much more depth, intellect, and spirituality than we are used to in a politician."

Lest you should think that last clause a sneaky qualification, Miss Sherrill points out they're *all* deeply intellectual and poignantly spiritual in this White House: "They are surrounded by a rather metaphysical staff too . . . Al Gore made mention of his 'inner life' during the campaign."

Yes; and he almost persuaded me he had one. Mrs. Clinton leaves no doubt on that score. Her inner life, like her outer, is a hive of purposeful activity, a Long March through Epistemology, a "search for meaning."

Indeed, she wants the rest of us to sign up for this quest. Her "politics of meaning" is a sort of philosophical package tour, with coach loads of whole communities singing "Merrily We Roll Along" as they rumble through the undulating lowlands of Positivism, careen down the Hedonistic Precipice, and clamber up the bracing vertiginous heights of Stoicism.

Terrific, put me down for two weeks in August. Oh, by the way, where do we end up?

"The search for meaning," says Mrs. Clinton severely, "should cut across all kinds of religious and ideological boundaries. That's what we should be struggling with—not whether you have a corner on God."

So we are to search for religion in general while avoiding any religion in particular. I think I see. How about *political* philosophies?

Mrs. Clinton thinks that such queries show an ignorance of the "new sense of politics that Bill and a lot of us are trying to create . . . (in which) labels are irrelevant." Labels, that is, like "liberal" and "conservative."

But if we renounce this useful shorthand, then we must laboriously list all the general ideas that it conveys. And indeed Miss Sherrill does list Mrs. Clinton's conclusions: "Life has transcendental meaning . . . you have to be involved in something bigger than yourself, linked to a higher purpose . . . people need to think of others, instead of themselves . . . the Me Decade must give way to the We Decade."

And there it is. A top dressing of references to certified Big Thinkers like Reinhold Niebuhr and Vaclav Havel is added (but, curiously, not Albert Camus who always used to be brought in when Tone was needed). Otherwise, these pokerwork mottos are the railway terminus where Mrs. Clinton's search for meaning winds up.

Nothing wrong with them, of course; we all believe them. But they are somewhat thin gruel to offer at the end of such an exacting journey which has anyway left us exactly where we started. Was it really necessary?

One looks desperately around for bigger, deeper, more poignant ideas. Are they under the train? Are they above the station? But there is nothing there. One is tempted to wonder if Mrs. Clinton is really the right person to run the Department of Ontology.

But she has one overriding qualification: no one was elected to do the job, and she wasn't elected.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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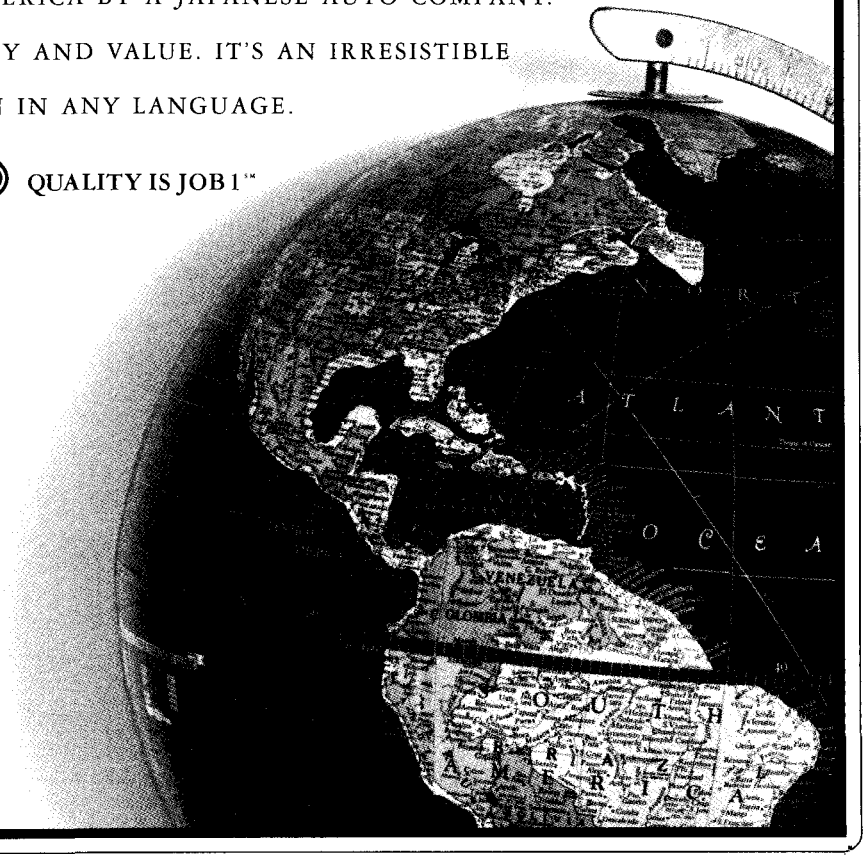

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Tarrance Group** poll has moderate Republican **Kay Bailey Hutchison** 11 points ahead of appointed incumbent Sen. **Bob Krueger** for June 5 Texas election. Victory would be symbolic defeat for **Bill Clinton**, while narrowing Democrats' margin in Senate to 56–44. . . . Clinton has 37 per cent popularity rating among Texans, topping only his 33 per cent in Arizona. Nationwide approval rating is down to 46 per cent. . . . In New Jersey, moderate Republican **Christine Todd Whitman** still leads polls for three-way June 8 primary. She also fares better than her opponents in match-ups against incumbent Gov. **Jim Florio**. *Asbury Park Press* has her leading Florio 45 to 36 per cent. . . . Rep. **John Kasich** (Ohio) is a rising Republican star, thanks to effort to form tax-cutting package as alternative to President's plan. An aide recently announced that Kasich is "definitely considering" challenging the interminable Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum**, who may in fact be considering retirement in 1994. . . . **Bruce Herschensohn**, although heartened by offers to draft him into Senate race against **Dianne Feinstein** in 1994, is still saying he won't run. . . . **Ronald Reagan** has found reason to celebrate, noting in recent videotape address to a Republican fundraiser: "As you dine together, Democrats are making the mistakes that guarantee Republicans will be in the White House for the next 25 years." . . . **Richard Nixon** predicts a 25-seat House pickup for the GOP in 1994. On average the party not in the White House gains 19 seats in the midterm elections.

■ With friends like these, who needs Republicans? Positive TV news coverage of **Bill Clinton** fell from 61 per cent during transition to 42 per cent during first 75 days, according to the **Center for Media and Public Affairs**. In news stories, Clinton social policies were criticized by 73 per cent of sources, economic policies by 59 per cent. **Hillary Clinton**, on the other hand, received 78 per cent positive press. . . . Mr. Clinton has also lost support of longtime friend and vehement early-in-term supporter Rep. **Dave McCurdy** (D., Okla.). McCurdy says energy tax and other initiatives "are in real trouble," reports *Wall Street Journal*. . . . Deputy budget director **Alice Rivlin** dismissed President's deficit trust fund as a "display device," and was taken to woodshed.

■ **Boris Yeltsin**, playing the role of "good czar"—a well-meaning autocrat surrounded by bad advisors—sacked **Yuri Skokov**, head of the security council, and **Georgi Khizha**, deputy prime minister, both considered opponents of radical reform. . . . He also got leaders of all but one CIS republic to sign on for an economic union, part of strategy to get regional support against Moscow's hard-line parliament. . . . St. Petersburg Mayor **Anatoly Sobchak** says Yeltsin is winning the fight for a new constituent assembly to write new constitution in June. . . . **Bernard-Henri Levy**, one of France's leading neoconservative *nouveaux philosophes*, said recently: "The road to Maastricht runs through Sarajevo. The fuse of racial hatreds is long and wide through all of Europe. Failing to stand firm against this assault on the very idea of Europe . . . is a decision for war. If Sarajevo dies, so does . . . the Maastricht Treaty." . . . Archbishop **John R. Roach**, speaking for the U.S. Catholic Conference, said in a letter to **Warren Christopher**: "We are convinced that there is just cause to use force to defend largely helpless people in Bosnia." . . . Croatian President **Franjo Tudjman** has received warning from German Vice Chancellor **Klaus Kinkel**, as Zagreb's strongest ally in the West, that he would lose Western support if the Croatian attacks on Muslims in southwest Bosnia don't stop. . . . Mexican President **Carlos Salinas de Gortari** could face the kind of end-of-term crisis that dogged his three predecessors. In February—with the economy $25 billion in deficit, and the possibility that NAFTA, on which Salinas has staked his reputation, might not pass U.S. Congress—the president was forced to back off request for $25 million from the wealthiest businessmen to fund next year's September election. . . . Mexicans are happy with Bill Clinton's proposed nomination of former congressman and American Stock Exchange Chairman **James R. Jones** as ambassador, hoping his business and Washington connections can save NAFTA. . . . While U.S. Trade Representative **Mickey Kantor** has made attempts to bolster protectionist forces, he has also formed lobbying group with government money (perhaps breaching ethics codes) to gather support for the free-trade agreement. Go figure.

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"I called you in to dampen any consumer confidence you may be feeling."

■ While White House has been warming to Hollywood types, the American public is quite cool toward them. A **Harvard Information Services** survey found that 77 per cent feel Hollywood does not portray values of average citizen. . . . On the upswing: **David Brock**'s *The Real Anita Hill* (Free Press) has jumped to number 6 on May 23 *New York Times* best-seller list. . . . And number of listeners to **Rush Limbaugh**'s daily radio show has grown 78 per cent in the last year—to 18 million weekly.

■ A New Jersey schoolboy recently wrote to Supreme Court Justice **Sandra Day O'Connor**: "You're a fine judge. Someday I hope you'll be promoted to President's wife."

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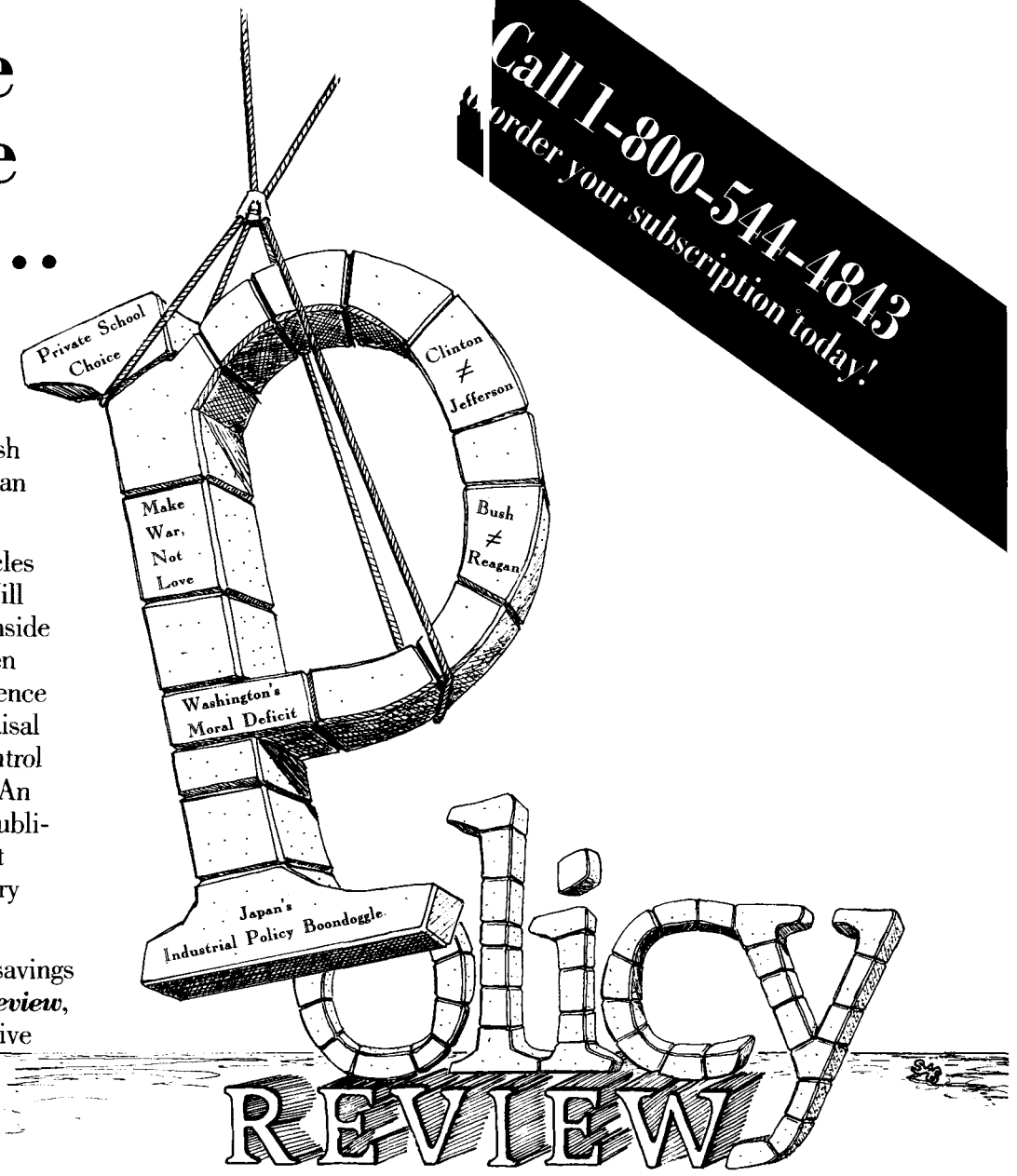

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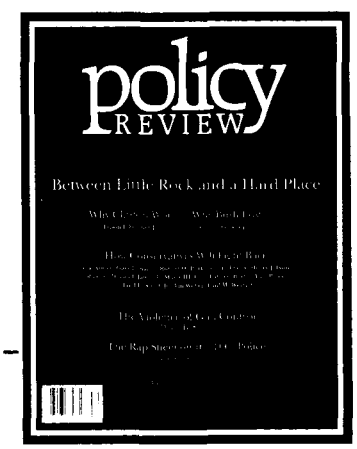

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THE WEEK

■ The entire globe may be approaching consensus for the first time since World War I. According to *Newsweek*, "The rest of the world is also souring on Clinton."

■ First Daniel Rostenkowski's House Ways and Means Committee meets in secret, all the Democrats voting to do so, all the Republicans voting to open the meeting. Then it holds Democratic caucuses that are closed even to Republican members of the House, not to mention the public and the press. Then the Democrats hike income taxes $123 billion, about $500 for every man, woman, and child; impose an energy tax of $73 billion; increase corporate taxes $28 billion; tax Social Security benefits $23 billion; and work on about $20 billion more in miscellaneous taxes. Total cost in dollars: $266 billion more in taxes, among the biggest tax increases in history. Total cost in jobs: not mentioned but reasonably estimated at up to eight million jobs lost, surely the most predictable depression on record. Vote: 24 committee Democrats for; 14 Republicans against.

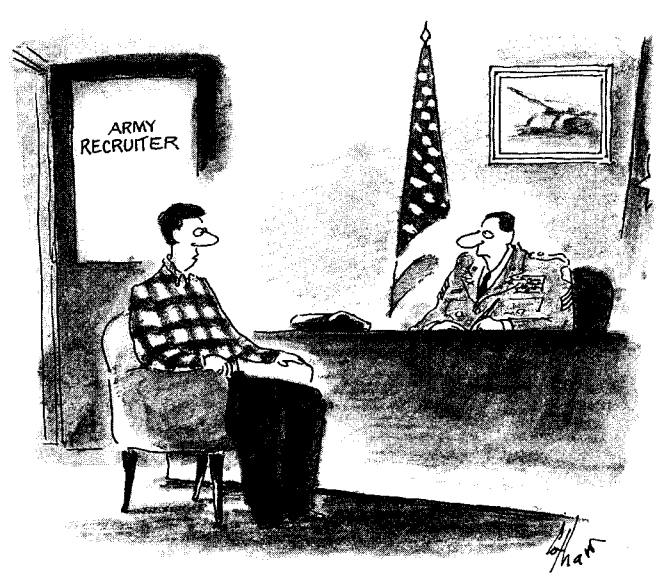
■ The GOP may not have had the votes to stop the Rostenkowski tax steamroller, but a few frisky freshman House members leaned a sign against the closed committee door: "Do Not Disturb! Democrats Raising Taxes."

■ Shortly after telling his New York audience that "credibility is a difficult thing to come by in Washington," President Clinton demonstrated why. He proposed a deficit-reduction "trust fund" to ensure that his tax increase be used for deficit reduction rather than spending increases. But the deficit equals actual expenditure less actual revenue. It makes no difference whether money is deposited in a trust fund. Had such a device been in existence earlier it would have bulged with revenue *estimates* following the budget summits of 1982, 1986, 1987, 1989, and 1990. Even a "Spending Cuts Trust Fund" —Bob Dole's half joking rejoinder to the President— would have been crammed full of "cuts" made from the ever-rising baseline budget. But nothing would have prevented the government from continuing to spend $1.59 for every dollar of real taxes collected. In short, nothing would have changed. The deficit nightmare started when Congress, in the wake of Watergate, eliminated the President's power to impound funds. During the 25 years prior to the 1974 budget "reforms" the deficit averaged about 0.7 per cent of GDP. Since then, despite a 50 per cent rise in real revenues, the deficit has averaged 3.7 per cent of GDP. Until a new Administration restores the pre-1974 disciplines to control spending, we'll put our trust in the Republican filibuster.

■ President Clinton has requested $7.4 billion to fund his national-service program in which, by 1997, 100,000 students are expected to participate annually in some ten corps of volunteers. But because they will be offred up to $10,000 in loan forgiveness, a stipend at the minimum wage, and health-care and child-care services, a two-year "volunteers" stint will cost $33,600 per student. And strict prohibitions against displacement and duplication mean that only jobs not worth doing will qualify for subsidies. A Corporation for National Service will decide which organizations' programs qualify. These political appointees will certify, say, the Christian Coalition or the National Abortion Rights Action League, as the mood takes them.

■ Don't forget, paying for Hillary's Stealth, er, Health Care is still to come and promises a "far bigger" payroll tax.

■ John Chafee of Rhode Island has been heading the Senate Minority Leader's task force on health care for three years and is anxiously lobbying both fellow senators and Republican governors on the merits of what he has come up with—a managed competition scheme, dubbed by critics "Hillary Lite." Chafee is convinced that Republicans can be "players" on health care only by embracing a cheaper version of the Clinton plan—the old liberal Republican theme



"I suppose you'd also like to know my maiden name."

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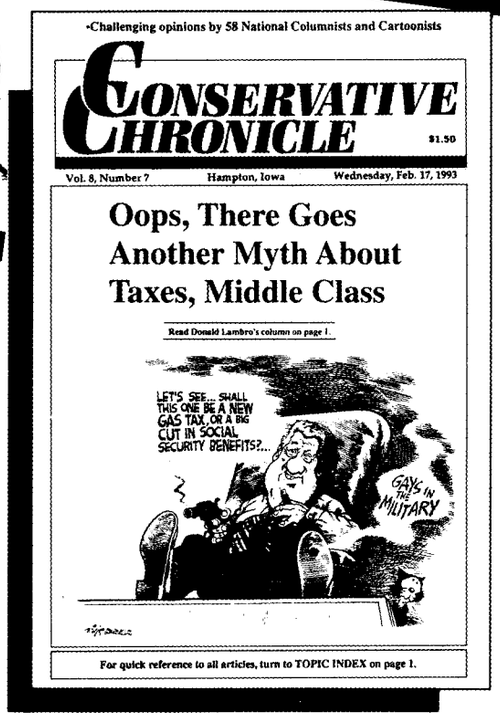
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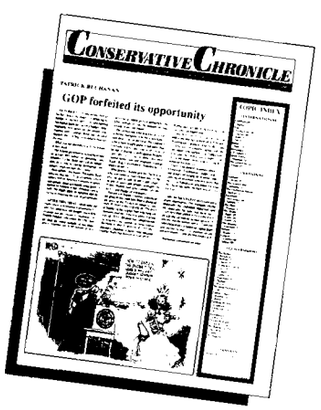
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of "Less of the Same." Governors Campbell, Voinovich, and Thompson have recently been pressed to endorse the plan, which Mr. Chafee wants to introduce before Mrs. Clinton unveils her own masterpiece. We are pleased to report that neither his strategy of pre-emptive surrender nor the substance of his plan has commanded the support of a majority of his colleagues in the Senate. The governors should be backing the kind of market-based reform package being developed by Senators Nickles, Lott, Gramm, and Coats. Less of the Same is still the same.

■ "P-O-T-A-T-O-E-$" is how Bill Clinton spells it. The Agriculture Department, with White House approval, will now make federal disaster payments to farmers who suffer damaged "crop quality"—a radical policy change that will cost taxpayers millions in new federal farm spending. Until recently, only crop "quantity" losses caused by bad weather or natural disaster merited such aid; but lobbying by George Mitchell—concerned with the plight of Maine farmers, whose 1992 potato crop suffered from harsh weather—got the Agriculture Department to issue a broadened definition of "disaster." If it's "a Democrat in the White House," we'll go along.

■ Attorney General Janet Reno, a media "folk hero" after accepting responsibility for the Waco tragedy by saying she accepted responsibility—a tactic far less painful than resigning—has endorsed the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act. This is a bill expressly designed to single out and punish anti-abortion protestors. Though supporters say the act wouldn't interfere with "legitimate" protest, its terms are as vague as its intended victims are clear, its penalties draconian, and the need for it groundless. State and local laws against trespass, personal harassment, vandalism, assault, arson, and so forth are quite adequate to deal with any illegalities that have yet occurred, whether at abortion clinics, military bases, or Catholic cathedrals. If the British had passed such a law against foreign agitators in the 1960s, Bill Clinton might now be rebuilding his life instead of ours.

■ Meet Lani Guinier, University of Pennsylvania law professor, former member of the Carter Justice Department, friend of Hillary, bean-counter par excellence, and President Clinton's nominee as Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights. Miss Guinier has written that anti-discrimination laws mandate "a result-oriented inquiry, in which roughly equal outcomes, not merely an apparently fair process, are the goal." And she means it. She is suspicious of "simple-minded notions of majority rule." Instead she advocates a new electoral system that acknowledges "each group has a right to have its interests satisfied a fair proportion of the time"—i.e., a system of electoral quotas. In short, Miss Guinier—who has also weighed in for making health care, day care, job training, and housing "basic entitlements" and for imposing racial quotas in judicial appointments—has a paper trail that's an opposition researcher's dream. But Republican Senate Judiciary Committee members have been hesitant to oppose the nomination for a reason that tells us just how far Miss Guinier's vision has already been achieved—she is a black woman. Well, being black wasn't enough to recommend Clarence Thomas to the Democrats, and it shouldn't be enough for the Republicans either.

■ Oregon feminists, thirsty for Senator Packwood's blood, have asked the Senate to revoke his election and remove him from office on the grounds that he lied during the campaign. As Jay Leno put it, "If that's the standard, Bill Clinton could get the death penalty at this point."

■ The disaffection of conservative Democrats from this Administration is epitomized by their reaction to Mr. Clinton's enterprise-zone legislation. Senator Joseph Lieberman (Conn.), a champion of enterprise zones on the Jack Kemp model, says the Clinton plan demonstrates "a fundamental misunderstanding of the enterprise-zone concept and the reasons why so many of America's poorer areas have reached the point of decay that they now experience." Indeed, only the terminology is the same. While the Kemp plan envisions small new businesses as the ultimate job machine for the inner city, the Clinton incentives are available only to established firms that already pay corporate income taxes. Where the Kemp plan deregulates, the Clinton plan would require state and local officials to create an "Enterprise Board" to "coordinate" all individuals and institutions involved in the local development activities. To be fair, it would still be a *zone*.

■ It's no coincidence that for 75 years Jersey City, New Jersey, has both been ruled by a corrupt Democratic machine and been mired in economic failure and educational and social deprivation. It's also no coincidence that when the machine was broken (read: jailed) and voters had a chance to elect someone who addressed their real concerns, they elected Bret Schundler mayor. Though only 6 per cent of voters in the district are registered Republicans, the 34-year-old investment banker won with 68 per cent of the vote in a three-way race. Mr. Schundler favors vouchers for private schools—currently less than a fifth of the city's ninth-graders can pass proficiency tests, while the city spends close to $9,300 per pupil on education. He'll cut property and income taxes to discourage people from leaving and to encourage businesses to move in. He also aims to put more cops

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on the beat and to move parts of the swollen city workforce into the soon-to-be-expanding private sector. These ideas are nothing new to NATIONAL REVIEW readers, but their practice will be welcome in Jersey City, which, like the rest of big-city America, has been the guinea pig for failed liberal experimentation. Los Angeles may follow suit June 8.

■ Former President George Bush paid a friendly visit to Kuwait in April, his first since Desert Storm liberated that country. Among his would-be greeters were a gang of Iraqi assassins, who fortunately were rounded up by Kuwaiti authorities. Their sophisticated demolition equipment and other physical evidence point directly to Baghdad. (The confessions extracted by Kuwaiti authorities point in the same direction, though the manner of obtaining them probably would not meet ACLU standards of admissibility.) The episode poses another nagging dilemma for the Clinton Administration, which seems resolutely determined to avoid foreign-policy crises by the tactic of denying they exist. (The Administration had already decided to "de-personalize" the conflict with Iraq, no longer linking the removal of UN sanctions to the removal of Saddam.) In a different era, with a different kind of Administration, the United States might have used the episode as a justification for some decisive measures against such a purveyor of terrorism. Today? Take out an insurance policy.

■ Instead, the Administration is canceling one. Defense Secretary Les Aspin announced the "end of the Star Wars era"—the termination of Ronald Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative in its present form. The Pentagon office in charge of SDI was renamed and downgraded. Mr. Aspin claimed that the collapse of the Soviet Union made it superfluous. Research on space-based systems, capable of intercepting ballistic missiles in mid-course and in their launch phase, will be radically scaled back. This is a great mistake. Mr. Aspin claimed that development of ground-based anti-missile systems would be maintained, and yet the funding for these programs—of obvious value in the light of proliferating missiles in the hands of Mideast radicals—is also being scaled back or stretched out. The day will come when we will wish we had the more capable space-based systems. The Administration's reversal is also an ironic rebuff to Boris Yeltsin, who had indicated to George Bush his interest in working with us on building defenses against the Middle East missile threat.

■ When Colonel Fred Peck testified that he thought his son Scott's homosexual leanings should disqualify him for Marine service, his testimony carried a dramatic power that couldn't be painted as "homophobia." And there was an interesting story behind his revelation. Scott Peck—a winning young man, by all accounts—had announced his leanings because, in the words of the *New York Times*, "a campus acquaintance in Queer Nation . . . threatened to embarrass Colonel Peck by disclosing his son's homosexuality to the news media." In other words, Scott Peck anticipated a blackmail attempt. And he expected, probably rightly, that the media would cooperate with Queer Nation, as they did last year in the case of John Schlafly, whose exposure was tacitly supported by such Friends of Humanity as Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post* and Eleanor Clift of *Newsweek*. We repeat the moral of the Schlafly episode: that the chief threat to the privacy of homosexuals comes not from bigots and "homophobes," but from gay activists and their liberal allies in the press.

■ Radical chic, anyone? The salons of liberalism are resonating with praise of *A Taste of Power*, the autobiography of Elaine Brown, one of Huey Newton's iron-fisted comrades at the helm of the Black Panthers in the Sixties and Seventies. Members of the Crips and Bloods turned out to applaud when Miss Brown's book tour hit Los Angeles, but the most lyrical tributes have come from the establishment media. "A stunning picture of a black woman's coming of age in America," declares *Kirkus Reviews*. "Put it on the shelf beside *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*." The *New York Times Magazine* seconds the opinion, as does Carolyn See in the *L.A. Times*, who judges the book, "beautiful, touching, . . . astonishing . . . Movie makers, where are you?" (They're waiting in the wings, as a matter of fact; *Lonesome Dove* producer Suzanne de Passe reportedly is planning a major treatment.) A less glowing review, however, comes from ex-radical David Horowitz, who knew Elaine Brown, Huey Newton, and others in the Panther elite when they were at the height of their power and celebrity—and when violence was a constant subtext to their enterprise. Writing in his new magazine, *Heterodoxy*, Mr. Horowitz says the Elaine Brown he knew was a sociopath given to blood-chilling threats; he claims Huey Newton told him it was she who snuffed Betty Van Patter, a (white) friend of Mr. Horowitz's who had gone to work as a bookkeeper for the Panthers and whose bludgeoned body turned up in the San Francisco Bay in January 1975 (the murder has never been solved). But you don't need third-hand accounts to glimpse the brutality in Elaine Brown's soul. Her book is evidence enough, long on celebrations of vengeance, with some lovingly detailed descriptions of the pummeling of foes. "It is a sensuous thing to know that at one's will an enemy can be struck down," she writes. Guess that explains all the good press; the liberal media is always turned on by a sensuous woman.

■ It was a snowy night in September 1989 on John

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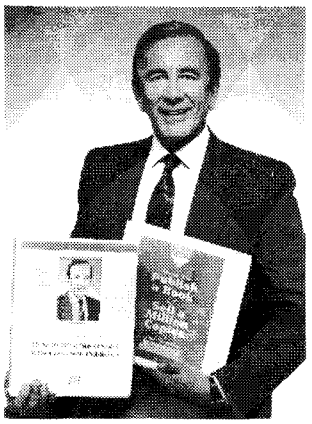

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Shuler's ranch in Dupuyer, Montana, and the rancher heard bears in his sheep pen. He fired shots near the bears to frighten them away, and then shot one of the bears when it reared up and charged him. Next morning he found that the wounded bear was still very much alive: it charged him when he came out of the house, and this time he killed the animal. Now he has to pay a fine of $4,000 for killing a grizzly bear, a protected animal under the Endangered Species Act. An administrative-law judge ruled that the rancher cannot claim he killed the bear in self-defense because he was attacked after he "purposefully [*sic*] place[d] himself in the zone of imminent danger." The judge ruled further that in encounters with animals protected under the Act, the criminal-law standard on self-defense against threatening humans applies—a person is denied the claim of self-defense if he is "blameworthy to some degree" in bringing about the encounter. Go to it, bear; watch your step, husband.

RIGHT DATA

Spending More for Less

WHILE DETAILS are not yet known, Hillary Clinton's plan will significantly increase government's role in health-care finance. The trend has been under way for almost thirty years:

HEALTH CARE EXPENDITURES
($ Billions)

			Percent Financed By:		
	Total	Percent of GDP	Government	Private Insurance	Out of Pocket
1950	$ 12.1	4.6%	25.3%	15.8%	58.9%
1960	27.1	5.3	24.3	26.7	49.0
1965	41.9	5.9	26.2	28.1	45.7
1970	74.4	7.3	37.0	28.6	34.4
1980	250.1	9.2	42.2	35.1	23.7
1990	666.2	12.2	42.4	37.2	20.4

Until the mid Sixties the government paid for about 25 per cent of all health care, limiting its involvement to prevention and medical research. With the advent of Medicare and Medicaid the government's share rose rapidly, as did that of private health insurance, much of it subsidized by federal tax deductions. As a result, the share of total health costs paid out of pocket by consumers plummeted, and the percentage of GDP consumed by health care soared.

What do consumers get for all of this? As it happens, the link between spending and the amount of care actually received has grown increasingly tenuous. Hospital costs per person, for example, rose from $71 (1982 dollars) in 1965 to $545 in 1989, and yet the number of beds per 1,000 population *declined* by almost 50 per cent. Most of the rise in hospital spending was absorbed by the salaries of doctors, nurses, and technicians: personnel per occupied bed doubled between 1946 and 1965; it more than tripled after Medicare started.

The decline in hospital beds, of course, could be a "healthy" sign: a healthier population needing less hospitalization, and technological advances that reduce the average length of hospital stays. But in a recent paper Milton Friedman found no evidence that advances in the quality of hospital care have accelerated since 1965.

The apparent anomaly of higher expenditures and lower output is, in fact, typical of highly socialized industries—c.f. the U.S. public-school system. Medical-care prices have increased more than 50 per cent faster than consumer prices over the past 25 years. In the private economy such price hikes would induce lower demand and higher supply, thereby mitigating the upward pressure on prices. In the medical marketplace, however, third-party payers eliminate the need for consumers to restrain their demand. Government inhibits the supply side by licensing medical personnel, regulating the introduction of new treatments, and capping the fees paid by Medicare and Medicaid.

Liberals contend that government intervention is needed to make medical care accessible to all. Yet price controls have hurt the poor. Pregnant women on Medicaid, for example, are denied access to most OB/GYN physicians because the program pays doctors less than half their normal fees.

In fact, the OMB estimates that only 21 per cent of total health-care expenditures paid for by federal tax money go to poor people. Medicare, the largest health entitlement, is not means-tested. Medicaid, although ostensibly aimed at families on welfare, channels about half of its annual $80 billion to middle-class people who have hidden their assets. Nearly all of the tax subsidy allowed for employer-provided health insurance accrues to people who are not poor.

If history is any guide, another expansion of the Federal Government's role will widen the disparity between the medical haves and have-nots.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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■ Vancouver was the perfect spot for the Clinton–Yeltsin Summit. The climate reminded Boris of Russia, and Bill could visit his old army buddies.

See You Later, Alligator

THE POLITICAL debate over the question of gays in the military seems to be working its way toward the position favored by Senator Sam Nunn: "Don't ask, don't tell." The Nunn policy would not require servicemen to testify to their heterosexuality upon enlistment, and it would end investigations of suspected homosexuals in the ranks. But open homosexuality would still be against the rules, and gays who made their gayness public would face discharge.

This is described as a compromise, though it would represent a sharp, short-term rebuke to both Mr. Clinton and the gay lobby. They thought they could force homosexuality on the military with the stroke of a pen. The blizzard of negative reactions from brass, servicemen, and the public is forcing them to back down. And the Nunn policy, neither hostile to homosexuals nor endorsing homosexuality, is legitimate and defensible.

But backing down is not the same as backing off, and efforts to integrate open homosexuals into the armed services will continue and—unless forthrightly resisted—may well succeed over the long run. What, under the Nunn rules, would constitute "telling"? Coming out to your unit? What about off-base housing arrangements? Moving in with a same-sex partner is not itself a declaration of homosexuality, of course, but it could be turned into one by winks and nudges. And how the courts might interpret such rules is utterly unpredictable.

If gay activists have patience, they might over time get themselves into uniform. That is not what most gay activists are interested in; their goal, all along, has been to remove a source of formal social disapprobation. If the public and the services conclude that the structure of compromises has become too unwieldy, they might achieve that in time too. But not necessarily. They will have been unable to win this time even with the President's and the media's support, and the new policy, being less punitive, will be less easy to assail. The price of not telling, however, will be eternal vigilance.

Requiem for a Policy

IN EARLY FEBRUARY, Secretary of State Warren Christopher announced an ambitious policy of stopping aggression and rectifying injustice in Bosnia. The economic and diplomatic means that he prescribed, alas, were inadequate and thus were doomed to fail. Three months later, Serb defiance had proved the point. After much soul-searching the Administration came up with two stronger options —providing arms to those resisting aggression, and launching limited U.S. air strikes against Serb artillery.

The President sent Mr. Christopher—an avowed opponent of stronger measures—to Europe to convince recalcitrant allies. The result was a humiliating rebuff. The visible collapse of American policy then emboldened the Bosnian Serbs, who voted in their mid-May referendum to reject the compromise concocted earlier by Cyrus Vance and Lord Owen.

There are many losers here. First, the innocents of Bosnia, who are subjected to continuing Serb aggression. Second, the North Atlantic Alliance, paralyzed by its disagreements and riven by mutual recriminations. Third, American leadership, as our relevance to Europe's continuing crisis fades (exacerbated by the Administration's plans for drastic troop cuts).

But the Europeans' performance is particularly disgraceful. Having sent their own troops to Bosnia without a strategy, they have alternated between begging the United States for help and rebuffing U.S. proposals for intervention. The British and French Foreign Offices seem content to maintain their forces in a feeble UN-relief-convoy role until a new *status quo* is ratified by events, consolidating Serb gains. Indeed, the only logic we can discern in their policy is the cold calculation that since the Serbs will win in the end, they had best win quickly. Hence the fierceness, otherwise inexplicable, of their opposition to ending the arms embargo.

What should American policy be in these circumstances? The U.S. has nothing *vital* at stake in Bosnia—but it has interests there even so: avoiding a wider Balkan war, discouraging Russian "ethnic cleansing" in the new republics (and perhaps in Eastern Europe), and re-establishing American leadership across the Atlantic. Such considerations, being less than vital, justify only modest risks.

Sending a deterrent force to Macedonia or Kosovo to prevent a spillover into those republics, which is

From the Wilderness

George Shultz, who doesn't like to see
Rogue nannies in a nursery
Or shelters where the pets are mauled
Like residents at Buchenwald,
Warns like Cassandra of the Serbs,
But no one listens in the burbs.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ANOTHER WINTER OF GLOBAL WARMING AND THE G.O.P. CAN EXCHANGE THEIR ELEPHANT FOR A WOOLLY MAMMOTH.... BUT THE DEMOCRATS' DONKEY WILL HAVE TO STAY OUT IN THE COLD

apparently being considered by the Administration, would be a mistake on every count. It would be irrelevant to saving Bosnia, but perhaps start a drift toward wider involvement by U.S. ground troops.

We remain vehemently opposed to sending U.S. ground troops anywhere in the former Yugoslavia. The Administration is on record as endorsing such a move, to help police a Vance–Owen-type settlement if the Serbs should ever stand down (or be satiated). Not only would it be a bloody mess, but it could put us in the position of enforcing an unjust *status quo* against Muslim and Croatian attempts to reverse Serb gains. We would go in as everybody's friend and depart as everybody's enemy. That degree of humiliation the United States need not risk, even under this Administration.

But there are policies offering the possibility of success at much less risk. Serb forces in Bosnia are losing men through desertions; Muslim forces have fought hard, giving way only when they have run out of ammunition. Arming the Bosnians and striking tactical targets from the air would have a good chance of turning the tide. The main danger would lie in carrying out these measures in so limited a fashion as to drain them of all effectiveness. More drastic measures against Serbia should therefore be held in reserve. The Administration could have rallied European support in support of such an approach if it were truly determined. It could still.

Back of the Class

PRESIDENT CLINTON's "Goals 2000" education package is one part yawn, one part fraud, and one part nightmare.

To nobody's surprise, the Administration has invited Congress to codify the six national education goals that were set forth three years ago by President Bush and the nation's governors. They're worthy goals. Getting Congress to embrace them rather than gripe about them is not a bad thing. The risk—one that Mr. Bush declined to take—is that they'll emerge from their passage through Capitol Hill different from the way they went in. Mr. Clinton and Secretary Riley have deepened that risk by amending the goals. There may be nothing wrong with adding the arts and foreign languages (to the core of English, math, science, history, and geography). But once the wall surrounding the original five is breached, what's to keep out home economics, driver training, and value-neutral sex education?

The part of the plan that borders on fraud is its silent omission of today's most dynamic ideas for energizing education reform at the state and local level. The Administration talks about education reform yet excludes its likeliest sources of propulsion: wide-ranging parental choice, high-stakes testing with results that can be compared from school to school, charter schools (think of them as education enterprise zones), alternative teacher certification, etc. The Bush team understood that radical educational change will only come when competition cracks the establishment monopoly. The Clinton team, largely staffed by members of that very monopoly, has spurned all threats to its control.

Which brings us to the nightmare. The only source of energy in the Clinton plan is national standards. But the standards the Administration envisions have as much to do with school inputs as with student achievement. And the standard-setting is to be done by a powerful new twenty-member panel of appointed "experts," elected by no one and accountable to no one except in the most formalistic sense.

This "National Education Standards and Improvement Council" bids fair to become the "national school board" that sensible people have long dreaded. It is charged with "certifying" national standards for curriculum, for school resources, teachers, and instructional materials, and for assessment systems. Though the White House press release terms these standards "voluntary," staffers at the Education Department are known to look forward to the day when states can be taken to court and sued for failure to comply "equally" with them.

So much for true innovation. So much for local control, grassroots change, and parental rights. Ten years after the United States was properly termed a "nation at risk," because of the mediocre products of its schools, we are presented by the President with a "reform" scheme that actually threatens to make a bad situation worse. They never learn.

Mutual Assured Destruction

REPUBLICAN Kay Bailey Hutchison defied the pundits—NATIONAL REVIEW included—by winning the first round of Texas's special election for Lloyd Bentsen's Senate seat, clipping

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by a few hundred votes the appointed incumbent, Bob Krueger. This despite the presence in the 24-man race of two other Republicans who each garnered about 14 per cent of the vote—third-place finisher Representative Joe Barton and, just behind him, *NR*'s pick, Representative Jack Fields. Mrs. Hutchison now faces the colorless Senator Krueger in a June 5 runoff that she seems likely to win handily.

But some Texas conservatives are greeting the possibility of having two Republican senators for the first time in modern history with yawns or worse —there are threats to sit out the race because of Kay Bailey Hutchison's status as a moderate Republican. This quest for ideological purity has mostly been squelched, thanks to the graciousness in defeat of Representatives Barton and Fields. And rightly so.

A victorious Kay Hutchison would represent another neon sign of the Clinton Administration's political weakness. (A waggish Senator Gramm is offering to pay the President's airfare to come to Texas to campaign for Senator Krueger.) And Mrs. Hutchison is to the right of center on most issues. She stresses the traditional Republican pro-family themes, opposes lifting the military's gay ban, endorses spending cuts to slice the deficit, wants a brake on precipitous defense cuts—and even on abortion, where she is generally "pro-choice," she supports parental-consent laws and opposes the Freedom of Choice Act.

Admittedly, we would have preferred Jack Fields or Joe Barton. But here lies a lesson for conservatives nationwide: each was prevented from building a sizable conservative plurality—assuming either could have reached beyond his local stronghold—by the presence of the other. This sort of fratricide is the stuff of politics; there's no preventing it. But a sense of common conservative purpose could make it less prevalent (in California alone last year, Senate primaries featured Bono *v.* Herschensohn and Allen *v.* Dannemeyer). Conservative candidates often talk of their commitment to "principle" during primary season; the best way to demonstrate it would be for some of them to stay out of the race entirely. Given their other obstacles, conservatives can do without Mutual Assured Destruction.

Henry Hyde v. *Alan Simpson*

Like the Hatfields and McCoys,
  Whose incessant fussin'
Finished off the men and boys,
  Which cut down on cussin',
Clans inside the GOP
  Battle to the finish
Just as Clinton's clout is be-
  Ginning to diminish.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Anita Hill Case

AFTER ADMIRING reviews in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, *The New Yorker* has unloaded the first attack on David Brock's *The Real Anita Hill*. The review, written by two women who are working on a competing book on the subject, begins by attacking Mr. Brock's argument that the key testimony of Judge Susan Hoerchner, a friend of Anita Hill, could not possibly be true in the way it was interpreted. Judge Hoerchner told the FBI that Miss Hill told her, in the spring of 1981, about a supervisor, whom she assumed to be Clarence Thomas, who had been sexually harrassing Miss Hill. However, that placed the alleged harassment some months before Miss Hill went to work for Mr. Thomas. Judge Hoerchner later amended her estimation of the date. Maybe she simply "got the date of the conversation wrong by a few months," write Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson. Maybe. And maybe not. For David Brock—contrary to the flat statement of the *New Yorker* writers—did consider the possibility that Miss Hoerchner got the date wrong. But she repeated the date several times under hostile questioning and changed her story only after Anita Hill's lawyer, seeing its implications, intervened to halt the interrogation, took her aside, and was allowed to go off the record in advising her. Judge Hoerchner then returned and in reply to a helpful question that would establish the date for certain, replied: "I don't know for sure." In other words, the balance of probability is on the side of David Brock's conclusion rather than that of his two critics.

As evidence that Mr. Brock is not merely mistaken but dishonest and biased, the reviewers offer the fact that *The American Spectator*, where Mr. Brock works, is funded by the conservative Bradley Foundation, which, with the Olin Foundation, also helped pay for the researching of his book. So what? *Harper's* is funded by the liberal MacArthur Foundation. Surely *The New Yorker* would consider it foul play to question the integrity of a writer for *Harper's* merely because he works for that magazine. Or what about Miss Mayer and Miss Abramson? Do they expect us to believe that because they do not reveal their views, they have none?

We will not assume, however, that because they write for *The New Yorker* and because they have a professional interest in trashing David Brock, Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson *intentionally* overlooked the main contribution of *The Real Anita Hill*. That

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contribution, as readers of our excerpt from the book (*NR*, May 10) will know, is to demonstrate the diverse contradictions in Miss Hill's testimony, which the reviewers' compilation of nitpicking minor points does nothing to weaken.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

During the recent media hoopla surrounding the State of Washington's hanging of Westley Allan Dodd for the sex-torture murders of three little boys, Bryant Gumbel interviewed Miss Kim Quach, Seattle defense lawyer for another bad actor on our Death Row, Charles Rodman Campbell (sentenced to death for a particularly egregious throat-slashing triple murder), as to whether execution by hanging constitutes "cruel and unusual" punishment.

In the interview, Miss Quach backed herself into a grammatical corner, escape from which required the use of a plural form of *hangman*. With an attempt at PC aplomb (betrayed by the slightest twitch about the eyebrows), she leapt out with *hangpersons*. Mr. Gumbel, to his eternal discredit, twitched not a jot.

Just thought you ought to know.

Sincerely yours,
John W. Morrow
Long Beach, Wash.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you might appreciate the enclosed contemporary politicized version of the Beatles' song "Yesterday" that I composed. I hope you enjoy singing it for the next four years!

Sincerely,
Jeff Rosenfeld
State College, Pa.

Yesterday

Yesterday, all our problems seemed so far away;
The Republicans were sure to stay.
I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, Bill Clinton isn't what he seemed to be;
Our lives are now fully of uncertainty.
Yesterday went so suddenly.

(Refrain.) Why George Bush had to go I don't know,
no one can say,
The media said he was wrong, now we long for yesterday.

Yesterday, Saddam Hussein was held at bay;
Now he's free to fight another way.
I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, Al Gore is finally ozone free,
But his gas tax is killing me;
Yesterday went so suddenly. (Refrain.)

Yesterday, low tax rates were here to stay;
"Invest in America" means we're all gonna pay.
I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, Barbara Bush isn't reading to me;
Hillary's only half the man Gennifer said she'd be.
Yesterday went so suddenly. (Refrain.)

Yesterday, a middle-class tax cut meant more take-home pay,
Until he broke his promise and said, "No way."
I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, deficit reduction was a necessity,
But it turns out to be just a campaign plea.
Yesterday went so suddenly. (Refrain.)

Character and experience are ancient history,
In its place is "Who said that, me?"
Yesterday went so suddenly.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: Many thanks. But must we sing it for four years? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Resisting Defamation is concerned about a certain usage you published in an article on page 23 of the March 29 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. We find it troubling that you promoted the ethnicity-linked term, *scot-free*, as a label.

First, *scot-free* denigrates the richly textured history and culture of the Scots.

Second, using *scot-free* in any way at all violates the right of the referenced group to self-designate for public discourse. Only self-loathing Scots have opted to be described as cheap, stingy, or lawless.

Third, *scot-free* is well-understood by the community hurling it, and by the community slapped with it, to be a derogatory and negative code word.

I am confident that your sense of manners and appropriateness dictates that you would never slap a non-European-origin person with a similar or parallel label. Why promote negative images and code words for Europeans only?

In the future, please do not use such an ugly term in public discourse. Any usage validates it and is hurtful to our multicultural society.

Dale Warner
for Resisting Defamation
San Jose, Calif.

Dear Mr. Warner: Please bugger off. Yours cordially,

—WFB

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ON THE SCENE

The Bridge on the Drina

CHANDLER ROSENBERGER

Roberto Parada

PALE, BOSNIA–HERZEGOVINA

THE FATE of Serbs living in Bosnia has come down to questions about the banks of the Drina River. Will the river mark a border between an independent Bosnia and the rump Yugoslavia, or merely a border between two parts of "Greater Serbia"? Who will be blamed for the brutal ethnic cleansing that took place there last summer? And will the Serb strongman Slobodan Milošević be able to keep his own radical nationalists from driving across the river to help their Bosnian cousins?

Most Serb politicians in the old Yugoslavia have followed Milošević in cutting the political bridges from the river's eastern bank. It is Bosnian Serb intransigence, they insist, that is prolonging the war. The Belgrade government, they say, is willing to risk embarrassment at home in order to push their cousins back to negotiations over the Vance–Owen peace plan, which would turn the region into one of ten semi-autonomous regions in an independent Bosnian state.

Bosnian Serb politicians, dismissive of the plan, have been hacking away at the connections from the river's western bank. Their self-declared "state within a state," the Serb Republic of Bosnia, has rejected both Bosnia's official government in Sarajevo and Belgrade's endorsement of the Vance–Owen plan. From their makeshift government offices in ski resorts above Sarajevo, even Bosnian Serb "moderates" such as Dr. Radovan Karadzić now talk of deciding alone with whom, if with anyone, they will form a larger confederation.

Unheard in the debate, except over occasional amateur radio broadcasts from the besieged town of Srebrenica, is the voice of the large Muslim community that once also lived along the Drina. Because their villages separated Bosnian Serbs from the rump Yugoslavia, they were herded into a few enclaves during some of the past year's most savage ethnic cleansing. But their fate, if not their vote, plays a significant role in the wranglings between the Bosnian and Yugoslav Serbs. With pressure mounting in the West to "do something" about the atrocities, Milošević's Serbs are pointing their fingers across the Drina. And, surprisingly, the Bosnian Serbs unapologetically, even suicidally, accept the blame.

Belgrade has made both substantial and petty gestures to cut off the Bosnian Serbs. Milošević has promised to ban all but humanitarian aid; Yugoslav soldiers on the border at Zvornik conduct what appear to the untrained eye to be thorough searches of trucks heading west across the river. And when Bosnian Serb leader Biljana Plavšić tried to visit her Belgrade villa two weeks ago, she was stopped crossing the same bridge. (She reportedly later crossed on a barge.) A Yugoslav army spokesman condemned the "adventurism" of "a few prosperous Bosnian Serbs."

Leading members of Milošević's Socialist Party eagerly distinguish between their objectives and the aims of the Bosnian Serbs. Despite Western reports, the Serb president has never been committed to a "Greater Serbia," according to Michalo Marković, ideologue and moving spirit of the party. "His goal has always been smaller than that—that Serbs outside of Serbia be assured of being an equal party in any peace process."

Milošević was satisfied, said Marković, that the plan represented Serb interests once it had been "corrected" to prevent Muslims from returning to their communities armed. The Bosnian Serbs rejected the plan, he said, because they would prefer to negotiate any swap of territory in direct negotiations with the Muslims and Croats.

That approach, said Marković, unfortunately didn't appreciate that the world would have difficulty distinguishing between the different Serb communities. "The difference between Milošević and the Bosnian leaders is not that they do not represent the interests of the Bosnian Serbs," he said. "It is that they do not take the interests of all Serbs into account."

That revisionism suits the government of an exhausted and frightened nation. Two months ago, the 5,000-dinar note was a joke; now 500,000 dinars will get you a cheap lunch. It was once the West started threatening air strikes that Belgrade pointed to the river separating it from more likely targets. And only international observers will be able to check how carefully Yugoslav patrols on the 48 border crossings search the trucks heading west.

From his government's headquarters in Pale, south of Sarajevo and near the guns that a Western Alliance would probably hit first, Karadzić defended his government's decision to hold a referendum on the Vance–Owen plan. The Bosnian Serbs would probably reject the peace plan, since it would require that half of them live in Muslim or Croat regions, while the other half would have to survive in en-

Mr. Rosenberger is Slovak editor of the East European Reporter.

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claves "like Nagorno-Karabakh" (the Armenian enclave in former Soviet Azerbaijan). The Serbs, he said, could not give up the status quo the fighting had resulted in. "That's our country," he said of certain regions the plan would turn over to autonomous Muslim administration. "We have property there. We own it."

A random selection of hitchhikers suggests that he has accurately felt the pulse of his own people. One sixty-year-old pensioner, who needed a lift because his foot had been shot in a battle with the Muslims, contemptuously announced at every village border whether the Vance–Owen plan would put that bit under Serb or under Muslim control.

A case could be made that Milošević was merely (if deviously) trying to save the Bosnian Serbs from themselves, since signing the Vance–Owen plan would have given them time to consolidate their gains while haggling over its implementation; his peacemaker costume is new and ill-fitting. But that's not how another hitchhiker saw it. Unarmed but dressed from head to toe in unsoiled camouflage, he fumed about Milošević's betrayal. "We will accept anything," he said. "We will accept being starved, going without oil, being bombed. But we will not accept being ruled by Muslims."

One Yugoslav politician remains the poster boy of the Bosnian Serbs. Silent, even docile since coming in second to Milošević in the December elections, Radical Party leader Vojislav Seselj is now hoping to grab the mantle of national savior from his rival. Seselj endorsed the Bosnian Serb rejection of the peace plan and now argues that his cousins could fight NATO forces for ten years, given support from Belgrade. Milošević has betrayed the Bosnian Serbs, Seselj says, and broken his electoral promises: "The party that said it would never bend is now down on its knees."

Milošević has counted on total control over Yugoslav TV to mold public opinion among Yugoslav Serbs. In early April, 70 per cent of them opposed the Vance–Owen plan. In the latest poll, 61.7 per cent support it.

It's another question whether Milošević has the same grip on the Yugoslav National Army, whose whole *raison d'être* is to put down "fascism" (read Bosnian Croats and Muslims). Milošević has always fudged this point by talking nationalism at home and peace abroad, but Seselj now threatens to force his hand. An exhausted Serbia may not stay with Seselj for long, but a frustrated army might leap to answer his clarion call.

If the threat of disarray in Belgrade stays Western leaders again, they should remember the fate of the Muslims who fled the banks of the Drina. The stretch of road north of the besieged town of Srebrenica is now ethnically spotless. The village of Nova Kasaba, for example, is now occupied only by a few Bosnian Serb troops, who have painted over the Muslim name and scrawled its Serb equivalent, "Novo Naselje," on signs instead. If the Muslims had been able to return for the referendum, they might have taken the chance to pluck laundry left hanging from lines along their burnt-out stucco houses. But they would not have had time to rebuild the pulverized mosque north of town. And had they had any ideas of staying, they would have been reminded by graffiti that "*Ovo je Serbska*"—"This is Serb."

Western outrage over the fate of those Muslims could turn a No vote on the Vance–Owen plan into a collective Bosnian Serb suicide note, since it would so quickly fulfill Belgrade's desire that the world distinguish between Serbs living on its bank of the Drina and the Bosnian Serbs on the other side. A Bosnian Serb republic abandoned by its more powerful cousins might make a tempting target—especially those fixed guns up next to the governing ski resorts.

Karadzić, the former psychiatrist, seemed accurately to have diagnosed the mental state of his population even as he endorsed it. "The people here know the situation in the world," he said. "We have been saying to them—'We are probably going to be bombed. Keep it in mind when you vote.'" The only question now is whether Milošević will be able to keep the radical element of his own republic from diving across the Drina to their aid. □

Bosnia: Strange Alliances

VIN WEBER

Alan Nahigian

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE DEBATE over U.S. involvement in Bosnia has made for some strange alliances in Congress. Senate Republican Leader Bob Dole (R., Kan.), for example, is allied with liberal Senators Joseph Biden (D., Del.) and Paul Wellstone (D., Minn.) in supporting a stronger U.S. response to Serbian genocide. By contrast, Senator Bob McCain (R., Ariz.)—a former Vietnam POW and consistent Cold War hawk—is allied with Senator John Glenn (D., Ohio) in opposition to U.S. involvement.

Clearly, the Bosnia debate has not broken down along traditional party lines. Rather, it has created internal challenges for both parties—challenges with long-term implications for America's role in the world.

For the Democrats, the challenge is a struggle with their past. They must answer a vital question: Are they really "New Democrats," willing and able to use military force decisively? Or are they still the captives of the last war they started—Vietnam? For the Republicans, the challenge puts them at a philosophical crossroads: With the end of the Cold War will the GOP return to its older isolationist roots and adopt an "America First" foreign policy? Or will the party continue to support America's engage-

Mr. Weber, the former congressman from Minnesota, is co-founder of the new conservative group Empower America.

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(MORE NAMES NEXT ISSUE)

Date: Saturday, June 26, 1993
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ment internationally and our position as leader of the free world?

How each party answers these challenges will have implications far beyond the current crisis in Bosnia. It will indicate a great deal about what America's global leadership role will be as we approach the dawn of the twenty-first century.

Many of the Democratic Party's most ardent Bosnia hawks have been doves on every other U.S. military intervention since Vietnam. Biden opposed the U.S. invasion of Grenada and voted against U.S. action in the Persian Gulf. President Clinton himself dodged service in Vietnam, and waffled on the Gulf War. He and his party have a lot to prove.

"This would be the liberals' first war, the first since Vietnam," Paul Gigot recently noted in the *Wall Street Journal*. "It would be good for the country, and the world, if the liberal Democrats could show they can use force successfully." The odds are not looking good.

President Clinton started out strong, rattling his saber loudly. At a White House press conference, Secretary of State Warren Christopher told reporters that, after consultations with his military advisors, the Commander-in-Chief had decided to use force against the Serbs. How soon? "We want to move as briskly as we can," Christopher said.

That strong statement raised expectations. But then weeks passed and nothing happened. Now, almost a month after announcing his intention to act, the President has said that he is still examining "whether we can do anything to end [the conflict] and to end the ethnic cleansing." According to White House Press Secretary Dee Dee Myers, the Administration's Bosnia policy is "in kind of a holding pattern for the moment."

As a result, President Clinton is increasingly being viewed as weak and indecisive. The Bosnian Serbs thumbed their nose at him, rejecting the Vance–Owen plan despite Clinton's threats to initiate air strikes if they failed to ratify it. Momentum for U.S. involvement is fading in Congress. And the Europeans are so unimpressed with Clinton's leadership that, at a recent meeting of EC foreign ministers, they felt free to vote down his plan to lift the Bosnian arms embargo and start air strikes.

It is still possible for Clinton to recover and put together a coherent policy. But even if he does so, there is the question of whether his fellow Democratic hawks in Congress will have the political will to see the policy through. And these recent converts to military force will have to contend with the pacifist majority in their own party.

Representative Robert Torricelli, a Democratic opponent of U.S. action, recently predicted: "When the bombing starts, and those now chanting for military involvement see the enormous collateral damage against civilians . . . there will be an immediate abandonment of support for the Administration." Mr. Torricelli knows his party well.

WHILE the Democrats are struggling to see if they are capable of leading the world, the Republicans are busy debating whether or not they still want to. Bosnia has exposed a growing rift in the Republican Party between neo-isolationists, who believe that, having won the Cold War, America need not remain engaged in foreign affairs; and internationalists, who believe America should not abdicate the role it has cultivated over the past forty years as leader of the free world.

Today some of the most conservative leaders in the U.S. Senate oppose American involvement in Bosnia. Trent Lott, Thad Cochran, and John McCain are all Bosnia doves. Many of these are the same conservatives who—when the Democrats were still paralyzed by the Vietnam syndrome—championed aggressive U.S. military action in places such as Libya and Grenada, and supported the "Reagan Doctrine" policy of confronting and defeating Communist expansionism around the world.

Ironically, in the Bosnia debate these conservatives are the ones paralyzed by Vietnam. At a recent press conference, for example, Senator Lott argued that Bosnia "is a quagmire. It has the potential to be a Vietnam-type situation. . . . I think we're going to have to find more ways to apply diplomatic pressure." It is hard to imagine Lott making the same statement about Grenada, Panama, Afghanistan, or Nicaragua.

Why are these Republicans balking at taking action in Bosnia? Senator McCain, a leader of the Republican doves, says it is a question of our capabilities. "There is an understandable guilt we all feel about having done nothing to stop the Holocaust. . . . But the question is: What is viable? We cannot confuse a desire to do good with viable military options."

But there are viable military options. For the past 18 months, we have maintained a crippling arms embargo that prevents the Bosnians from defending themselves against Serbian genocide. We have forced the Bosnians to fight with both hands tied behind their backs. As a result, the Serbs have conquered 70 per cent of Bosnia—a sovereign nation, recognized by the UN—and have devastated the heavily outgunned Bosnian military.

It is certainly "viable" to untie the Bosnians' hands by lifting the arms embargo. Because they have lost so much ground during the past year, we might also have to support them with limited air strikes, in order to level the playing field and give them a fighting chance. This policy, which Clinton presumably supports, essentially takes a page out of the Reagan playbook. Republicans who argue that such a policy cannot succeed should remind themselves of their own success in Afghanistan. If we could help the *mujahedin* drive the mighty Red Army from Kabul, we can certainly help the Bosnians drive the Serbs from territory they have illegally conquered.

The Republican unwillingness to support U.S. involvement is thus not a question of our ability to succeed—it is a question of will. Put bluntly, most Republican doves don't see a U.S. interest in Bosnia. As Senator McCain recently put it, "I think it's time for us to hold [the Europeans'] coats, instead of them holding ours." In other words, Europe should take care of its own backyard. But Europe is not the leader of the free world—the United States is. Those who would have us stand on the sidelines in Bosnia would have us abdicate that role.

Bosnia also opens another important question for Republicans: Do we care? Did we battle Soviet Communism simply in an international power struggle? Or did we fight the Cold War because Communism was evil? Was all our rhetoric about "freedom" just a campaign to build support for our policy? Or did we really mean what we said about the gulag, and "captive nations"?

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These are all questions Republicans will have to confront as they debate U.S. involvement in Bosnia. One thing is clear, however. Bosnia represents an early test for the Republican Party of whether to retreat into isolationism, or remain engaged and lead.

How Republicans decide this will have tremendous implications both for America and for the international community. Because if the Democrats prove once again they can't lead—and the Republicans decide they won't lead—the world is in a heap of trouble. □

Taxation; No Representation

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

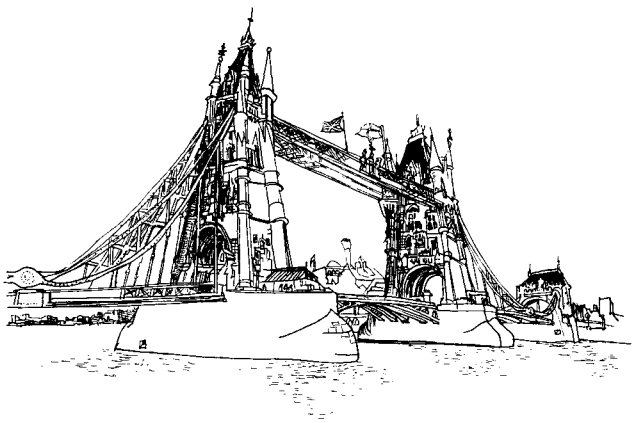
LONDON

"THE RESULTS," admitted Sir Norman Fowler, the Conservative Party chairman, "were poor." He was talking about the special election at Newbury and the county elections which were held simultaneously across England and Wales. Noah might equally have said that there was a nasty drizzle.

At Newbury the voters were to choose a replacement for a member of Parliament who died in February. In the last general election, a year ago, the Conservatives won that district by a margin of 12,000; in the by-election this month the Liberal Democrat won by 22,000: a 28.4 per cent swing against the government—much worse than even the gloomiest prophets had foreseen. Meanwhile, out of 47 counties in England and Wales, only one, Buckinghamshire, now remains under Conservative control.

The prime minister, John Major, conceded that the Conservative government had been "given a bloody nose," and promised that lessons would be learned. However, it is by no means clear that Mr. Major and his colleagues are capable of learning the appropriate lessons; the shock of seeing themselves as others see them might be psychologically intolerable.

They believe the principal cause of this electoral catastrophe is that voters were still gazing gloomily back on the years of economic recession instead of forward to the recovery which now beckons. In other words, "It's the economy, stupid." Of course the state of Britain's economy and the government's handling of it loomed large: but people do, more or less, accept that Britain's problems have been part of a worldwide recession. They also accept what almost every independent economist has told them: that Britain's problems were made much worse by the government's decision to lock the value of the pound into the European Exchange Rate Mechanism. What they cannot stomach is the manner in which the government has responded to the collapse of that policy. For painful months and years Mr. Major and the chancellor of the exchequer, Norman Lamont, insisted that Britain must, whatever the immediate price, stay within the ERM. Last September Britain was forced out. The very next day, Mr. Lamont said that he was "singing in his bath" at being liberated. During the campaign at Newbury he sang, or at least quoted (ominously in the French tongue), Edith Piaf's famous number "*Je ne regrette rien.*" And his colleagues have been boasting, positively boasting, that it was the government's firm policies which have brought the first, barely discernible, green shoots of economic recovery.



Stephen Moros

Very few people are equipped to judge the technical merits of the ERM: but most people recognize a shameless turnaround when they see it.

Nor have the voters, of whatever political persuasion, liked the way in which, while they shivered in the comfortless winds of recession, the government seemed exclusively, obsessively, concerned with ratifying the Maastricht Treaty, another step toward an unatural federal Europe. Again, very few people, including members of Parliament, really know what the Maastricht Treaty contains: but they know shameless behavior when they see it, and they see it in the maneuvers, the arm-twisting, the tergiversations, by which the government has been pushing this wretched treaty through Parliament.

Every opinion poll has shown that a huge majority of the British people thinks there should be a referendum on the subject. That's not the British way, says the government (supported by the Labor opposition); we trust such decisions to our elected parliamentary representatives. But, whenever a vote in Parliament has threatened the passage of the bill, the government has found some procedural device to avoid the consequences.

These things have not gone unnoticed: but the government has ignored mounting public rage. Mr. Major and his colleagues apparently believe that all they have to contend with is the obduracy of the Euroskeptics; so that, once the bill has been passed, bitterness will subside and rifts heal.

Pigs may also fly—except that British pigs would probably need a Eurolicense from Brussels. I have never known Conservatives, let alone the relatively non-political voters who supported the Conservative Party at the last general election, as disillusioned, as angry, as they are today. They were not voting, at Newbury and in the local elections, to put the Liberal Democrats into power (and certainly not the Labour Party, which did rather badly). They were voting, or abstaining, as a gesture, to show what they think of the government for which they themselves voted just a year before. The government's overall approval rating stood

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at 16 per cent in the latest opinion poll.

A dozen minor causes of discontent have reinforced the main ones: shabby personal behavior by certain ministers, ill-judged announcements which then had to be (or should have been) reversed, a stream of petty regulations which irritate, and some thoroughly unconservative legislation. Much-needed proposals to tighten the academic standard in schools have been, in practice, bungled. And, crucially, there is the whole question of taxing and spending.

Last year the government, like President Bush, told the voters to read its lips—"No more taxes": this year's budget not only broke that pledge with Clintonesque abandon but wiped out, in an afternoon, a decade of tax-cutting. It effectively raised the standard rate of income tax, went back to the bad old concept of a supplementary tax on "unearned" (that is, investment) income, and, as though the chancellor were willfully planting land-mines in the government's future path, imposed an increasing Value Added Tax on domestic lighting and heating.

Prime Minister Major has resisted, so far, the widespread opinion, clamorously and continuously urged in the press ever since the ERM debacle of last September, that the chancellor of the exchequer is a busted flush and ought to go. Mr. Lamont, he says, has been carrying out the agreed policies of the government; to which he, the prime minister, in particular assented. He may well be right in thinking it unfair to make Norman Lamont a scapegoat. But then a scapegoat is not supposed to have committed personally all the sins which are heaped upon him.

After, perhaps, some further tactical delay, there really will have to be a new chancellor. Which prompts the awkward—and largely, but no longer entirely, unspoken—question: And a new prime minister? The only thing that may prevent a challenge to Mr. Major's leadership this year is the lack of any obvious alternative.

The crisis has come so early in the government's life, with a full three or four years to run, that there is time to recover—unless, which is quite possible, further special-election defeats (and another contest is pending) erode its majority in the House of Commons, already down to 19. The odds, for psephological reasons, may still favor the Conservatives to win the next general election: but they would be very foolish to rely on that kind of reassurance. However, the opposition parties cannot take full advantage of the government's unpopularity, because they are themselves in favor both of Maastricht and of more public spending. The majority of people are miserably, or angrily, aware that none of the parties represents their views and feelings on these central issues.

Future historians, taking a longer view, will need to address this profound puzzle. How was it that so broad a gulf developed between the whole British political class and the British people? □

Joining the Cultural War

MATTHEW SCULLY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A HOSTILE reporter could have had a fine time describing the first annual conference of Pat Buchanan's new foundation, The American Cause. There was an impressive array of speakers—Bill Kristol, poet Frederick Turner, our own Joe Sobran and Jeff Hart—but also, among the audience, the sort of political eccentrics who make for "they're-not-like-us" caricatures in the *Washington Post* Style section. Oldsters in odd suits bearing "Buchanan in '96" buttons. Young staffers who look as if they have just left Salt Lake City on their first mission abroad. A woman in satin gloves and a sun hat with crepe veil, recalling Barbara Stanwyck or Claire Trevor in a 1940s thriller. And at the reception, for entertainment, a burly old guy with shaved head banging out an incongruous assortment of contemporary tunes, prompting a friend to remark: "I didn't know John Demjanjuk played the piano."

In short, these were the kind of folks one heard laughed about in the Bush White House, "right-wing crazies" who brought "embarrassment" on the party; definitely not people like us. And the Bush people were right. The people at this conference were not like them. They're principled and articulate, and prefer winning elections to winning good ink in the Style section.

Winning elections means first and foremost—the theme of the conference—"Winning the Cultural War." "We look upon this gathering today," Buchanan declared, "as the Boston Tea Party of the cultural counter-revolution." As in the Cold War, "containment is not enough"; we have to take the offensive. "This conference is going to focus not only on what we are against, but what we are for."

"Tea Party" may be overstating it (didn't he use that line in New Hampshire?), but the sense of purpose was demonstrated in the presence of victors from the battlefront like Will Perkins, leader of Colorado's initiative against "gay rights." Here was a semi-retired car dealer, Buchanan observed, with no civic involvement whatever outside the Colorado Springs Salvation Army until finally he'd been pushed far enough by the activists. He then started a group, Colorado for Family Values, that defied craven local politicians, the national media, and threats of boycotts by forcing a referendum and passing it 54 per cent to 46 per cent. The state Republican Party, meanwhile, would have nothing to do with the issue. Too divisive.

Or take the phenomenon of home schooling, represented at the conference by Mary Kay Clark. Concluding even twenty years ago that the public schools were "the training camp of the enemy of my values," Dr. Clark began teaching her own seven children at home. She now directs a national home-schooling association that claims 4,500 students, who score about 30 per cent higher than public-school students on SATs.

About this approach there was some dissent. It seems to imply a surrender of the public schools, reflecting the larger debate between conservatives who aim to "recapture the culture" and those resigned to finding little "pockets of virtue" within it. Must we in the end retreat to the catacombs, or

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will more people rise up like Mary Cummins, the grandmother who rid the New York City schools of Chancellor Joseph Fernandez, Heather's mommies, Daddy's disgusting roommate, and all the rest?

Mrs. Cummins took ill and couldn't make the conference, but her example suggests an oversight in *Chronicles* editor Tom Fleming's formulation that in the cultural war "it's New York, essentially, against Nebraska." By our own reasoning, liberalism ought to be least popular where it's most powerful, and the crisis points are not in Omaha but in Queens. Here after all, as Buchanan observed, was this obscure district school-board member who took on, and routed, "an education establishment before which even national politicians have trembled and groveled." If she can do that, just why can't the Republican Party?

Well, for much the same reason, as Frederick Turner suggested in a discussion of "Art and the Cultural War," that corporations subsidize art devoid of beauty and hostile to their own interests. Corporate types, like establishment Republicans, "are chronic appeasers who know they are viewed with contempt by the cultural elite." Those "terrifying post-modern blocks" one sees outside the typical corporate headquarters represent their attempt—a futile attempt—"to buy a little bit of good will."

Professor Paul Gottfried, a pockets-of-virtue man, offered the similarly depressing point that much of America itself has bought into cultural liberalism. What we have, he said, is "a situation in which people are losing their autonomy voluntarily." Americans "actually pay money to send their kids to Harvard," without apparently worrying about what kind of instruction they'll get from "the social parasites who make up America's professoriate." True enough, but as Jeff Hart observed, an awful lot of those kids—not most, but still an awful lot—end up rebelling against the fraudulent professoriate itself, which is why even Harvard has a highly successful conservative magazine. (Although, Hart reflected, "without tenure, I'd probably be a gardener or something.")

Still more hopeful was Bill Kristol, himself a son of Harvard and former chief of staff to Dan Quayle. Said Kristol, We have at least one cause for optimism: the recent *Atlantic* cover declaring "Dan Quayle Was Right." And then there is the sense, "as with the Soviets in the early Eighties, of a hollowness at the center." This is why with every challenge—a parents' revolt in Milwaukee or Queens, a spending bill voted down, a nominee rejected—liberalism loses "its sense of inevitability." "Who really believed Ronald Reagan when he said Communism was destined for the 'ash heap of history'?"

A good point, only it's too bad no one from the Republican National Committee was in the room to hear it. You would think it might have showed a little good will to stretch a corner of the Big Tent over the people here. Representative John Doolittle of California—addressing with Joe Sobran the theme, "The Obligations of Statesmen Who Know Abortion Is Wrong"—wondered as much himself. Haley Barbour, successor as RNC chairman to the simpering Rich Bond, is about to spend a few million on a series of conferences to figure out what the party believes. Here was a perfect chance, for a ticket price of a hundred dollars, to start figuring. □

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HISTORY, HUMANITY, AND TRUTH

Robert Conquest

I AM DEEPLY honored that you have chosen me to give the Jefferson Lecture in the Humanities, and asked me to speak to so distinguished an audience.

This is not, I think, a suitable occasion for formal analytics. I propose, rather, to pursue certain trains of thought, and then come to some conclusions.

It does seem especially appropriate for the Jefferson Lecture to be delivered (not for the first time) by a historian. Jefferson himself urged that the basic education of the members of a modern democracy should be, as he put it, "chiefly historical." His reasoning was that history, "by apprising them of the past, will enable them to judge of the future; it will avail them of the experience of other times and other nations; it will qualify them as judges of the actions and designs of men."

Jefferson and his colleagues were well read in the history of England, of Europe, of the ancient world—in fact of the world as a whole insofar as it was available to them; and, as can be seen in their writings and speeches, they assumed a similar knowledge or receptivity to such knowledge in the whole American political milieu.

As Jefferson says, they drew lessons from this rich and varied past. But they did not apply these automatically and uncritically to their own place and period. They sought perspective rather than infallible revelations. The Founding Fathers were, in Carl Bridenbaugh's words, "men of intellect, not intellectuals"; or as Arthur Schlesinger Sr. put it, "men of vision without being visionaries."

In many respects, while much more is now known, our citizenry is less well educated in historical matters than in Jefferson's time: certainly less than Jefferson would have wished. In part, no doubt, this is due to defects in the school system about which there seems to be general agreement. But it is also the case that history at the academic level is under a variety of pressures which tend to remove it from its status as one of the humanities without otherwise improving it. In part this may be because "intellectuals" and "visionaries" are still with us.

This is the full text of the Jefferson Lecture in the Humanities, 1993, delivered earlier this month in Washington, D.C., and in Stanford, California. The Jefferson Lectureship is the highest honor the Federal Government bestows for achievement in the humanities. . . . Mr. Conquest's many books include The Great Terror *and* The Harvest of Sorrow.

II.

HISTORY is not some past from which we are cut off. We are merely at its forward edge as it unrolls. And only if one is without historical feeling at all can one think of the intellectual fads and fashions of one's own time as a "habitation everlasting." We may feel that at last, unlike all previous generations, we have found certitude. They thought so too.

We should look at the broader problem: at the never-ending urge for systematizations as wholly explanatory in the field of the humanities. Eric Temple Bell, the mathematician, once wrote that "the consuming hunger of the uncritical mind for what it imagines to be certainty or finality impels it to feast upon shadows in the prevailing famine of substance."

We spoke of fads and fashions. Fanaticisms and factiousnesses too, unfortunately. The Soviet experience was, of course, a terrible example of what can happen when an idea gets out of hand.

III.

WITH US, feeling for the past is weaker and vaguer than it ought to be. But though the roots could do with some watering, they have not been cut. With the Russians the case was far worse. Not only were they submitted to a long and horrifying experience based on a false historical theory; they were also robbed of knowledge of the historical facts on which a society must subsist; and they felt it keenly.

This destruction came in two modes. First, a supposititious "class" scheme was imposed on every public fact: so that, for example, a wholly invented class of kulaks was created and real people were assigned to it, and then repressed by the million.

Then, in the 1930s, not mere distortion, but total falsification became the norm. The experiment had proved a disastrous failure, but this was not to be admitted. Two Soviet Unions henceforth existed—one the reality of poverty, exploitation, terror, falsehood, sycophancy;

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Or as W.E.B. Du Bois (himself a graduate of Harvard, the Adelphi of Massachusetts) once put it, "the purpose of education is not to make men carpenters, but to make carpenters men." Substitute "lawyers" or "bankers" for "carpenters," and you get the idea.

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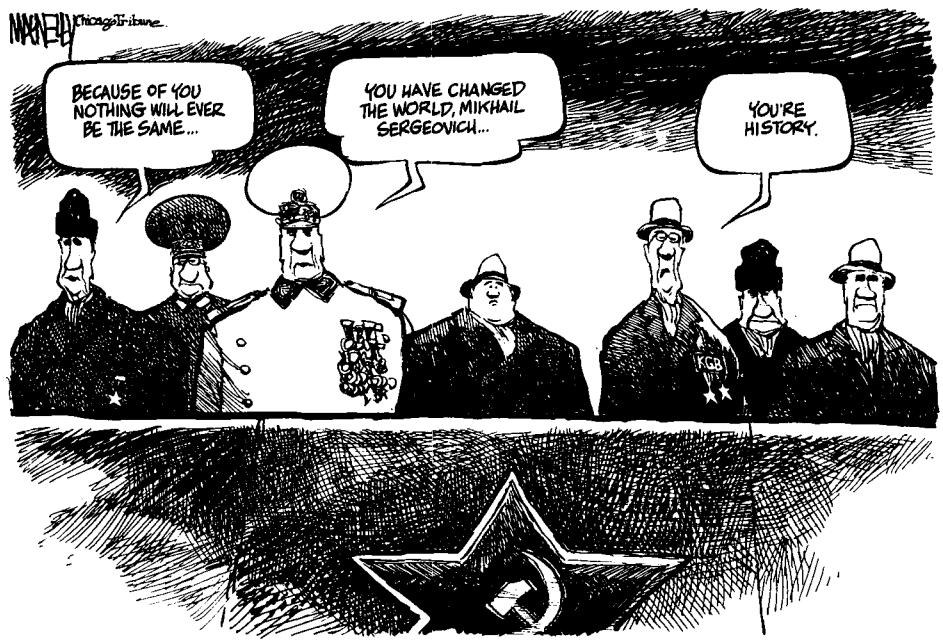
the other the fantasy of posters, the media, demonstrations, splendid statistics, public enthusiasm. History became part of the fantasy, culminating in the thoroughly falsified 1939 *"Short Course" History of the Communist Party*, which sold forty million copies the world over—became, in fact, the bible of the world Communist movement.

At one level, everyone in the Soviet Union not battered into mindlessness felt the falsity: and this disjunction became stronger and stronger. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when one spoke with Soviet delegates here, one came increasingly to notice a look of shame as they presented to Westerners what were not just lies, but obvious, contemptible, and discreditable lies—and this was an important factor in the moral and intellectual crisis which matched in its effects the material failure of the system. For while Russia was deprived of its history there remained a common longing for the truth—not merely in the abstract, but centered on a deep desire to know the real circumstances of the forces which had destroyed relatives and friends.


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
BECAUSE OF YOU NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME...
YOU HAVE CHANGED THE WORLD, MIKHAIL SERGEOVICH...
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Until a few years ago, this aching gap could only be filled by foreigners, writing in the West. This of course also involved the refuting of the Stalinist and sub-Stalinist myth which had penetrated our own countries.

It is difficult to make clear to the present generation how deeply it affected much of the Western intelligentsia. Not only its pervasiveness, but also its virulence: as Orwell remarked, those expressing "mild distaste for slave labor camps or one-candidate elections" were often treated as "either insane or actuated by the worst of motives." As he says, "anti-Communist" was usually preceded by "rabid."

There were many reasons for these Western delusions about the USSR: the ideological pull of the idea of state socialism, the anti-Western bias within an alienated intelligentsia which could see nothing but good in its enemy and opposite. For such minds genuine knowledge of the Soviet Union had vanished; emptied of reality the country appeared, as in those old maps of America and Africa, as the home of mythical beasts—Socialism, Workers' Power, and so on. Moreover, in academe one can also note, harmful to this day, intellectual investment in fallacy, long after its refutation: a phenomenon by no means uncommon even in the hard sciences. But perhaps even more important was mere parochialism—as Joseph Brodsky once pointed out, some people in the West were simply not up to facing the reality of the Soviet past. And indeed if one does not know, or ignores, a good deal of world history, one cannot believe some of the things that could and did happen.

It is a remarkable fact that some of the soundest understanding of the Soviet phenomenon, even in the West, came from novelists—George Orwell, Arthur Koestler, and a few others. This was surely because an effort not merely of the intellect, but also of the imagination, was needed for a true view.

It seems clear that serious Western research, gradually establishing the truth about the Soviet background and motivations, had powerful effects on our own political and intellectual classes—Democrat and Republican, Conservative and Labour, Socialist and Christian Democrat—and contributed to sound policy. In the Soviet Union itself, such work penetrated either in English or in Russian editions printed in the West, or in *samizdat* translations. Educated Russians are touchingly grateful, and maintain that the effect was highly important in disinfesting their minds, liberating their critical spirit, and hence to the whole phenomenon of *glasnost*.

Glasnost was of course intended to provide a forum for discussion on ways to improve the system. But freeish, then freer, publication led above all to a great printing of these historical facts, almost always tending to put the whole regime in question. This was a major element in the path to the recent revolution. History, the struggle for true history, does have its effects in the great world.

IV.

HOW WAS it possible in the pre-*glasnost* period for a Western historian to write Soviet history? His sources were few, scattered, often of doubtful reliability. He was in the position of a historian writing about some empire of antiquity, and relying on a few score papyri, a few scant inscriptions. Successful work could be done only by comprehensive search, following up all possible leads, and considering them in the most careful and critical manner. It contrasted markedly with another approach by Western writers who—even quite recently—accepted the official pub-

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lished material of the period, a congeries of massive falsification, and rejected *in principle* unofficial reports and memoirs, some of which at least were true.

Now, the conditions of the study have radically changed. The thirty to forty million files—files, not documents—of the Central Party Archives are or will be available, with a similar number in the secret-police records, and millions more elsewhere. Which, in the words of Shakespeare's Mark Antony, "which, pardon me, I do not mean to read."

But, of course, this material (in whose release I have been closely involved) is highly welcome. Russian researchers have already made much plain which was formerly obscure, and we have been able to use this. They will produce more. But it will be a long, tedious, and indeed in one sense uncompletable job. Arnold Toynbee actually prefers our understanding of the Graeco-Roman epoch on the grounds that it is "not encumbered and obscured by a surfeit of information."

For even if such a mass of documentation were in some sense fully available or usable, or a representative selection possible, it would still not in itself tell anything like the full story. It is not so much a gift as a challenge to true, critical scholarship. As a great researcher once wrote, "It is perfectly possible, as all who have made any historical researches can attest, to read bale after bale of despatches and protocols without catching one glimpse of light about the relations of governments."

Documents do not describe the circumstances of their composition. For example, I have read some of the lesser secret-police interrogation reports, and they appear as rational questioning, with the prisoner giving very detailed factual answers. Nothing on paper shows the true context of torture. At least, the wording does not: but occasionally reality breaks through, as with the "forensically identifiable" bloodstains on the interrogation record of Marshal Tukhachevsky.

But, as I say, even if the documents were pure records of what they purport to be, they would not give more than a part of the true picture. Moreover, beyond a certain point "research" can lose its usefulness. If undertaken in a more or less automatic way, without a background of knowledge or of practical judgment, it invites the comment made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a scholar as well as a painter: "A provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite inquiry and research . . . may be employed, to evade and shuffle off real labor—the real labor of thinking."

V.

ANYONE WHO is not genuinely addicted to the search for knowledge is unlikely to have the psychological energy to be a true scholar in any field. But in history this work resembles more that of a detective than that of a scientist—a search for and judgment of particular evidence rather than of repeatable experiment. And no system of procedure is possible.

Jacques Barzun and Henry F. Graff tell us, in their *The Modern Researcher*, that the process of historical verification is "conducted on many planes, and its technique is not fixed. It relies on attention to detail, on common-sense reasoning, on a developed 'feel' for history and chronology, on familiarity with human behavior, and on ever enlarging stores of information." And, they conclude, "No interesting or important question . . . can be settled without detailed knowledge, solid judgment, lively imagination, and ability to think straight. What to do and how to go about it come with practice; to enumerate rules would be endless and of little use." This is, in fact, the crux: that "judgment" is needed, that it is a delicate matter, and that no mechanical criteria for validating or rejecting evidence exist.

Occasionally reality breaks through, as with the 'forensically identifiable' bloodstains on the interrogation record of Marshal Tukhachevsky.

VI.

HAVING discovered, or amassed, his array of facts, the historian must now achieve a synthesis. He must, in a few hundred pages, in some way present the experience of millions of people over years of time. As Macaulay put it, no history can give the whole truth; "but those are . . . the best histories which exhibit such parts of the truth as most nearly produce the effects of the whole."

The procedure implies the forming of general impressions from a mass of material, considered not only in itself but in the perspectives of other knowledge. This again is not a mechanical art, and cannot be made so. We need knowledge of much human history of other periods and places and of the motivations of men and cultures far different from what any parochial view can give us.

It is indeed not easy to get into another man's skin, let alone that of another culture. The great French general Condé once remarked to Cardinal de Retz that the reason why historians got things wrong was that "these rascals make us speak and act as they themselves would have done in our place." But if academics fail to understand the temperaments of the soldiers of their own culture, they are all the more unlikely to grasp the temperaments producing and produced by other traditions.

As for the modern autocracies, these simply cannot be put in perspective without some knowledge of the "precritical" orders of antiquity and the great Asian military empires; and, on the other hand, of the millenarian sects of, say, fifteenth-century Germany. I feel, in this context, much in debt to Norman Cohn's *The Pursuit of the Millennium*, which demonstrates that, in spite of a modernized vocabulary, "Communism and Nazism have been inspired by fantasies which are downright archaic."

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Yes, we must consider Soviet history, and with care, but we need a broad outlook on history as a whole. And above all we should avoid consciously or unconsciously projecting onto other cultures the feelings, ideas, and motivations we feel natural, and refrain from applying analytical concepts developed in our own backyards to the wild deserts and steppes of the outside world.

And it cannot be urged too strongly that this is not merely an abstract intellectual matter. Michael Howard in 1980 remarked of the "real lessons of history," in his inaugural lecture as Regius Professor at Oxford, that these apply to "people, often of masterful intelligence, trained usually in law or economics or perhaps political science, who have led their governments into disastrous miscalculations because they have no awareness whatever of the historical background, the cultural universe of the foreign societies with which they have to deal. It is an awareness for which no amount of strategic or economic analysis, no techniques of crisis management or conflict resolution . . . can provide a substitute."

A recent example was the erroneous and misleading concept, prevalent in important political circles here, that the Soviet Union could be democratized and still remain in being: for some time this had a distortive, and potentially quite dangerous, effect on our foreign policy.

VII.

MORE GENERALLY, it is the bane of the non-exact sciences or studies that they tend to become prey to constrictive theorists. Marx was, of course, one of these—one of the most irritating habits of the old Soviet historians was their invariable reference to pro-Soviet Western writing as "scientific" and "objective." Indeed, the Soviet order itself was supposedly constructed on "scientific" lines. A Moscow joke of the period runs: "Comrade, was our system invented by scientists?" "No, comrade, if scientists had invented it they would have tried it out first on hamsters."

The notion that economic or class interests are decisive in history seems particularly inappropriate in the epoch of Lenin and Stalin and Hitler and Mao and the Ayatollah and all the others. It is perfectly clear, for example, that Soviet history over two generations had as its central drive ideas in the minds of its leaders—ideas forced upon society, the economy, the culture, everywhere by a political mechanism, contrary to all the natural trends of the country.

Marxism is pernicious because it is constrictive and selective—but above all nowadays, more broadly, as a bad example. For it implanted the idea that a "science of history" is possible. Marxism, as it is today, may seem less of a nuisance than some other efforts. Indeed, there are a few (a very few) who write from a more or less Marxist point of view whose work, though inevitably distorted, is still critical and useful. These have usually played down Marx's gross overemphasis on the socio-economic, and refined his clumsy categories of "feudalism" and so on. And at least this Marxism does not demand a rigid systemification: it believes in the possibility of coherent thought; and it rejects the notion that the *whole* of life and art and literature has no significance beyond the suppression of social or other categories—more than can be said of a certain level of contemporary academe. However, that raises problems which seem psychological and political rather than intellectual, though in a sense they may be regarded as particularly absurd and extreme examples of a more widespread reductionism.

VIII.

AT THE more serious level, a key word in modern studies of politics is "model." With its overtones of something that works in the same way as its original, like a model steam engine, it is highly unsuitable. Politics are *sui generis*. And though they may be conveniently treated under general categories for some purposes, this must not be pressed beyond what is possible and appropriate.

When we first learn history, we start with simple specifications. Conditions producing the French Revolution:

1) Feudal burdens on the peasantry,
2) Influence of Rousseau, Voltaire, etc.,
3) Example of the American Revolution,

and so on; a simple "model."

After some years of immersing oneself in the material, and in the material of much else in human history, one can begin to see 1789 in all its interwoven complexity. And any "pre-revolutionary model," or "crisis model," will seldom be of much greater use than the specifications and definitions of childhood. Moreover, as Alfred Cobban, a leading historian of the period, puts it, these theories are used to select the facts that fit them, which are then used to confirm the theory. . . . We should anyway, at this stage, hardly need such props.

A great scholar in a comparable field, putting it rather strongly, wrote of such rules that they ". . . are nothing but a string of generalizations, necessarily inaccurate, which have been framed by the benevolent for the guidance, the support, and the restraint, of three classes of persons." They are "leading strings," he said, for infants, "crutches" for the incapable, and "strait-waistcoats" for the demented. This is unfair to the extent that some otherwise qualified people find it easier to grasp facts presented schematically, even mathematically; what they should not do is try to impose this on the study as a whole. In particular, schematic methods are indeed easier to teach and learn than knowledge and judgment. But teaching of knowledge and training in judgment are possible, and desirable, and must not be pre-empted in this way.

Models are also misleading because they imply that the similarities between historical phenomena are more important than the differences. Models, moreover, are often projections of the parochialism we spoke of earlier, being based on social-science kits derived from the Western experience or outlook only. Yet another trouble with modeling, however complex and sophisticated, is

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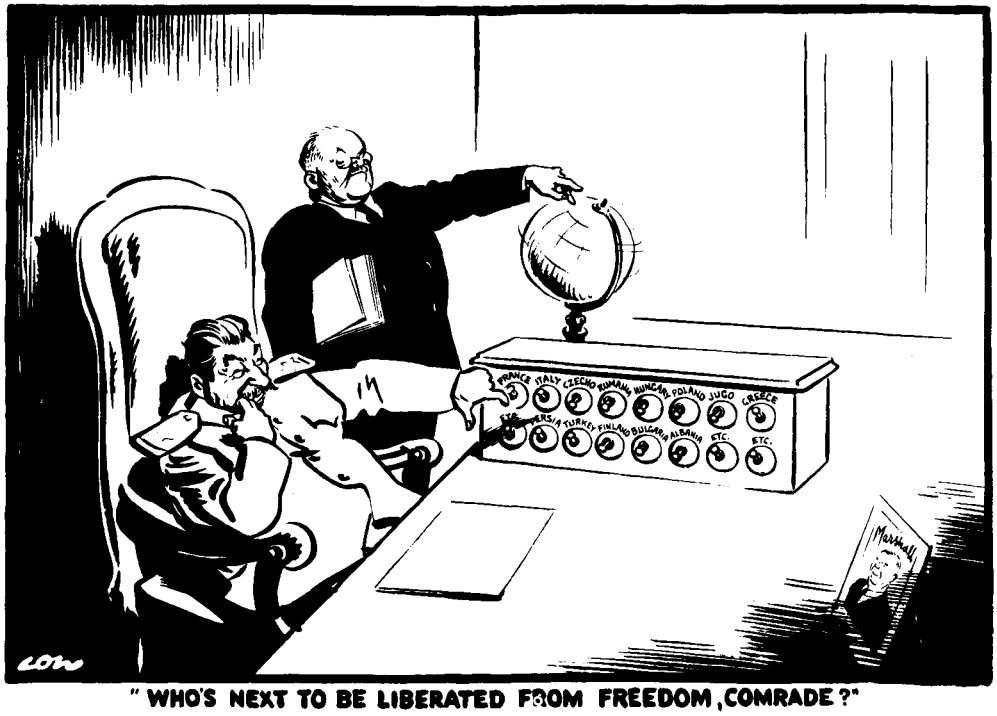
that the complexity and sophistication may be applied to phenomena which are not in themselves of any real relevance—though they may appear on the face of it to be so. Phrenology achieved wide academic recognition and support in the nineteenth century. Its assumptions seemed reasonable—that the brain is the organ of thought; that its shape in a given case must be an indication of that brain's particular characteristics; and that this shape is broadly speaking reflected in the structure of the surrounding skull. Phrenology produced an immensely complex analytical system. But it was totally valueless. For the phenomena it took as representing the truth were in fact irrelevant. Similarly with many scientisms of today.

There is a subspecies of modeling—the attempt to reduce it to mathematical treatment. There is nothing new in mathematical treatments of politics. More than a quarter of a millennium ago the great Leibniz produced, in *Specimen demonstrationum politicarum pro rege Polonorum eligendo* (1669), his "mathematical proof" that the Count Palatine of Neuberg should be elected King of Poland. (He wasn't.)



"WHO'S NEXT TO BE LIBERATED FROM FREEDOM, COMRADE?"

Of course there are regularities in the general sphere of the study of history and of political cultures and their interactions. There are measurables, for example, in economic and—to a lesser extent—sociological matters, and admirable work can be done with them. But these constitute only part, and in most cases not a decisive part, even of their own phenomena. Useful within limits, they should not be allowed to metastasize over the political culture taken as a whole.

Indeed, from Pythagoras through pyramidology, extreme irrationalities have often been presented in numerical form. Astrology for centuries used the most sophisticated mathematical treatments available, and is now worked out on computers: though there is, or used to be, an English law which provided that "every person pretending or professing to tell Fortunes, or using any subtle Craft, Means, or Device . . . shall be deemed a Rogue and Vagabond."

As to mechanical and mathematical devices in general, we already have to hand a system of symbols, complex and subtle, capable equally of accurate description and of profound analysis: language. Language, *properly* handled, can represent historical or political events with the necessary combination of clarity and imprecision.

Sir Ernest Gower, in his classic *Plain Words*, wrote of certain analysts that "Some of them strain after expert language because they are afraid that if their manner is lucid their matter will be despised as elementary. But no sensible reader supposes that what is easy to understand must have been easy to think of; and where the matter is really elementary (as sometimes it is bound to be) obscurity of manner reduces, not increases, the reader's respect for the writer's intellectual power."

Sorokin long ago remarked on the "speech disorders" of his fellow sociologists, including "the blind transference of terms from the natural sciences," the "ponderously obscure description of platitudes," and "neologisms which hinder precise communication." Similar complaints from serious scholars appear regularly in the press after every social- or political-science convention: terms frequently complained of include "script," "hegemonic," and so on—although there are worse ones which I cannot bring myself to pronounce, and probably couldn't if I tried. It all reminds me, perhaps unfairly, of eight-year-old boys looking important when using long words, or ten-year-old boys' air of insufferable superiority when exchanging remarks in their gang's "secret language."

I lately had a letter from a graduate student of history at a well-known university (not my own, I hasten to add). In his department, he wrote, some professors thought history should be readable, others not: which view did I take? Well, since recording something on paper is done with the intention of transmitting information or opinion to others, the answer might seem obvious.

Whether avoiding language or misusing it, efforts to be, or to appear, rigorous have always been with us. They seek to avoid what seem to their sponsors to be

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old-fashioned, pre-scientific treatments of reality. But, as A. E. Housman once wrote, "the old unscientific days are everlasting; they are here and now; they are renewed perennially by the ear which takes formulae in, and the tongue which gives them out again, and the mind which meanwhile is empty of reflection."

IX.

ARISTOTLE long ago noted the necessary differences of approach among the disciplines: "In studying this subject we must be content if we attain as high a degree of certainty as the matter of it admits. . . ."

As Aristotle implies, a greater degree of exactness is to be sought in the hard sciences—methods by which, it was said almost a century ago of a famous British physicist,

> He saw the invisible,
> He split the indivisible,
> He changed the immutable,
> And unscrewed the inscrutable.

Perhaps a worthy aim for the physicist, but anyhow not within the scope of a student of the human condition. We, on the contrary, as Vaclav Havel has put it, must cease to look for "a system that will eliminate all the disastrous consequences of previous systems," and seek instead "something different, something larger. We have to abandon the arrogant belief that the world is merely a puzzle to be solved." And, he adds, "in a word, human uniqueness, human action, and the human spirit must be rehabilitated."

Havel was speaking as one who has suffered, with his people, the totalitarian experience. Totalitarianism is a concept long rejected by many Western writers on Communism. We were lengthily and tediously rebuked for allegedly using the "totalitarian model." "Totalitarian" is a *word*. When we used it as such, we were not competing in the modeling field. We were conscious that it is a broad, general, descriptive term, not a definitive one. We meant, presumably, that as far as was feasible the state tried and *grosso modo* succeeded in directing human life. Leszek Kolakowski and Giovanni Sartori, among this country's leading political philosophers, found it a helpful term. Later, both Gorbachev and Yeltsin used it of the Soviet regime. But it is depressing to think that there were *experts* who could not have grasped, let alone accepted, the great Soviet author Vasily Grossman's observation, "the extreme violence of totalitarian social systems proved able to paralyze the human spirit throughout whole continents."

The term "totalitarianism" was rejected because it implies a whole set of motives and actions. Modern scholastics were, and are, primarily concerned with institutions, with forms. But resemblances of form rather than of intent or actual activity tend to mislead. A wolf bears a very close resemblance, physiologically speaking, to a basset hound. Its reaction to a pat on the head, however, is different. Two identical cars may present different dangers if one is driven by an alcoholic psychopath. Such distinctions were evidently not available to the well-known Sovietologist who, ten or twelve years ago, argued at length about how very similar the Soviet and British political systems were.

These lifeless methods are also urged on the grounds that they involve an otherwise unobtainable "objectivity." For, it is argued, a good historian must be "objective" in the sense of not having opinions or emotions concerning his subject. Such postures of objectivity in fact merely conceal opinion. It is the frank admission by the historian that he indeed holds specific views which forces him to treat the evidence as objectively as possible. As G. M. Trevelyan puts it, "The dispassionateness of the historian is a quality which it is easy to value too highly, and it should not be confused with the really indispensable qualities of accuracy and good faith." And the skeptical Edward Gibbon refers to the Jansenist scholar Le Nain de Tillemont as sunk in "bigotry," and at the same time an "incomparable guide," full of "erudition, diligence, veracity, and scrupulous minuteness."

A wolf bears a very close resemblance, physiologically speaking, to a basset hound. Its reaction to a pat on the head, however, is different.

So, yes, reasonable objectivity is not beyond the powers even of those with strong opinions. Some of the best historians, from Thucydides on, have in fact been politicians, and their views on particular policies can be and have been disputed. Clarendon, the first English historian—or rather the first for the near millennium since Bede—was one of the leading Royalists. Yet it has been said that for four generations his work was politically seminal both for the Tories who agreed with him and for the Whigs who disagreed, and gave them both a wider scope of mind and a broader perspective, leaving them better Tories and better Whigs.

Of course historians write from various points of view, and the account given varies accordingly. But this is no more than is true of a set of photographs from various angles, in different lights, which will give pictures which differ in many ways, without therefore being false or misleading if read with a modicum of common sense.

X.

ONE AIM of these supposedly objective and scientific operations is to generate prediction. And indeed, if this were to be possible, it would be a remarkable and substantial achievement.

But, even in much simpler fields, such as the flow of water over a dam, or the weather, it is now accepted that such prediction is not feasible, since the initial conditions cannot be adequately specified.

History and politics are of course the realm of the unspecifiable to a far greater degree than such physical systems. In history and politics, in fact, the accidental,

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the totally unpredictable is often decisive. "If Mirabeau had lived one more year," as Carlyle puts it, the history of France and of the world could have been different—and in major ways. A hundred such examples will spring to any historian's mind. Moreover, the decisive turn may be due to some quite trivial occurrence, hardly entering into the observer's consideration.

One reason for history's inability to predict is that, as Marx himself noted, "Happenings which are strikingly analogous, but which occur in different historic milieux, often produce totally different results." It is impossible to develop a simple structure of cause and effect between "events." For, in Trevelyan's words, "An historical event cannot be isolated from its circumstances any more than the onion from its skins, because an event is itself nothing but a set of circumstances, none of which will ever recur."

Of course, a profound knowledge of world history, and of the particular facts and background of a given country's evolution, may produce a general grasp of the range of possible outcomes in a given situation; and may even offer some idea of probabilities. But even then the result may contain surprises. We could and did predict, even in the 1960s, that the Soviet regime was not viable and that drastic change would occur: we could and did predict that if free elections were held the Soviet Union would disintegrate: but not the how or the when. And no conceivable advantage, apart from the comforting delusion of rigor, could accrue by putting these possibilities in "scientific" form. In fact, as John Morley wrote, such an approach "applied to the vast complexity of man in the social union . . . is either mischievous or futile, and mischievous exactly in proportion as it is not futile."

Indeed, the mere fact that we still differentiate between the humanities and the exact sciences is an admission that these are, whatever the partial and occasional overlap, different areas of thought. History spans the political, the social, the economic, the psychological, the cultural, all the aspects of the human being in life, where the individual is both autonomous and dependent on others, in which his or her mind operates at many levels, in many contexts, with many results. It covers the inexhaustible variety of the human condition, of individual minds, and of the cultures in which they exist. History, in principle, brings together the whole of human creativity—and destructiveness—in a never complete or final synthesis: but all the same as a major concentration, neither too absolute nor too ambitious, of our hard-earned wisdom as a species.

Without truth in history, humanity is no longer humanity. It becomes prey to the mental distortions which have, in this century, already caused so many millions of deaths, and brought the world to the verge of ruin.

Jefferson is quoted as saying that someone who knows nothing is nearer to the truth than someone whose mind is filled with falsehood. But he thought we could do better than that. And so we can. □

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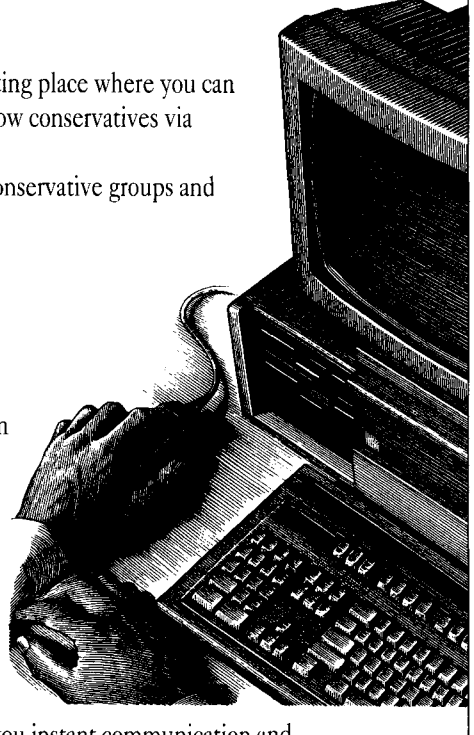

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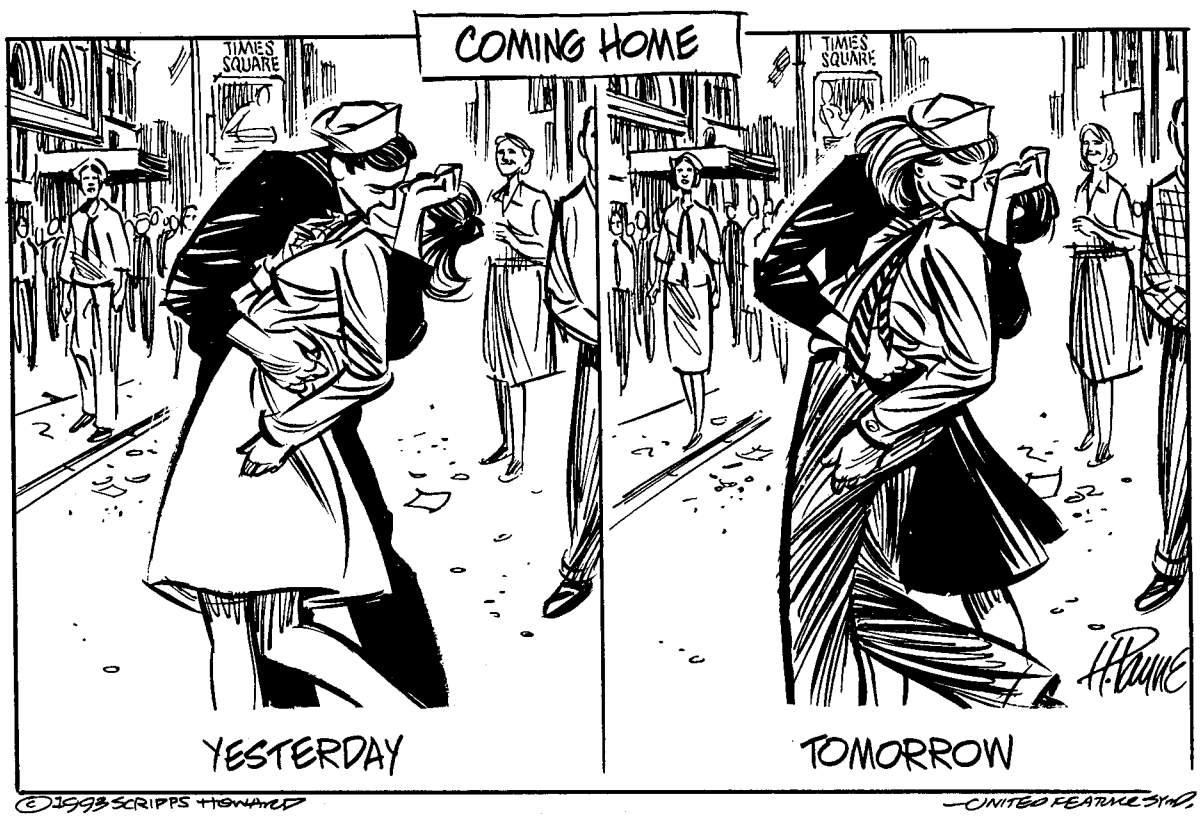
And nothing for tots with the mumps
    Or city machines
    With pools in their dreams,
The Clintons are working the pumps.

W. H. VON DREELE

"I assure you, madam—all 36 minks died of natural causes."



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New Battlefront

THE WAR ON ADOPTION

Soldiers in the sex-liberation wars are asking: If a baby can't grow up in the care of its natural mother, is it better off dead?

MARVIN OLASKY

The police said there was nothing they could do about the child Ken and Pat had adopted. "Nothing you can do?" Ken yelled. "But he broiled a harmless puppy in the oven, raped a fifth-grade girl, sent us 32 death threats, and tracked us down even though we quit our jobs, packed up and moved, and left no forwarding address."

Welcome to today's progressive depiction of adoption.

IN THE AMERICA of the 1990s a war has begun. Adoption, like Sarajevo, has its stout defenders, and the attempt to reduce adoption to rubble in the name of self-fulfillment and combatting "cultural genocide" may be turned back. But the attack is being pressed mightily, and there is even a fifth column within the traditionally pro-adoption camp.

Time and the *New York Times* led the latest offensive in April with articles headlined "The Ties That Traumatize" and "Adoption Is Getting Some Harder Looks." The highly publicized tug-of-war over two-year-old Jessica DeBoer of Ann Arbor (her birthmother changed her mind and is now trying to get the child back) was the news hook, but *Time*'s subhead was the subtext: "adoptive parents everywhere [are] on edge." The *New York Times* piece ended with a proposal for new, improved "adoption" procedures, including multiple parents and perpetual monitoring by courts.

Many publications have been putting adoptive parents on edge for years. Only a small percentage of adoptions go wrong, but the failures receive the press coverage. Adoption is hellish for children, *People* magazine suggested last December when a mother was accused of beating her adopted son with a broom and telling him she would "trade him in." Adoptive parents fare no better, an *Austin American-Statesman* headline in March revealed: "As bliss turns to heartache, parents seek to end adoption." (Adopted children, it seems, "set fires, snuck out of the house at night, tried to hang the family dog . . .")

The onslaught is at its fiercest in such magazines as *Playboy* and *Mirabella*, bedfellows that would be strange were they not both committed to trysting without consequences. Ken and Pat are the infertile adoptive parents in "King Bee," a *Playboy* short story that pictures them sitting in "the plush, paneled conference rooms of Adopt-a-Child," where a man with "the voice of a seducer" and the audacity to dress "in a suit woven of some exotic material" gives them the good news that they can adopt Anthony, "a sunny, smiling towheaded boy."

Anthony, of course, turns out to be so vicious that hapless Ken buys a puppy to gain some comfort; this, evidently, is what author T. C. Boyle thinks parents who want to adopt should do in the first place. Anthony has his revenge: "It was Ken who noticed the broomstick wedged against the oven door, and it was Ken who buried Skippy's poor singed carcass and arranged to have the oven replaced—Pat wouldn't, couldn't cook in it, ever again." Anthony gets to be a threatening six feet tall and eats so enormously that Pat "could barely make out his eyes, sunk in their pockets of flesh." Then he tries to kill Pat by trapping her amidst thousands of swarming bees, but the bees turn on Anthony and he is stung to death.

The *Mirabella* focus was not on adoptive parents but on birthmothers paid off in a "shadowy and competitive adoption bazaar" to provide "trophy babies." Birthmothers in Meryl Gordon's article "Handmaid's Tale" (a reference to the Margaret Atwood pro-abortion novel) have few rights: "Buy a vacuum cleaner from a door-to-door salesman and consumer laws give you three days to cancel the purchase; sign away a baby in Texas and that child is gone forever." Overall, today's adoption process is a "distasteful . . . bartering of lives."

Adoption receives similar treatment in traditional women's magazines—a *Good Housekeeping* headline from

Mr. Olasky is a professor at the University of Texas at Austin and the author of Abortion Rites: A Social History of Abortion in America *and* The Tragedy of American Compassion.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN NAHIGIAN

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March 1992 read, "My adopted daughter thought she was second-best"—and on popular television shows such as *L.A. Law*, which portrayed a birthmother and adoptive parents almost yanking apart the tiny prize they both coveted. An analysis by George Gerbner of 39 television programs involving adoption as a significant plot element showed that half the programs emphasized the legal difficulties of adoption; the "shady deal" was the next most frequent plot element, present in almost one-third of the programs. Adoption agencies on such shows were always tricking birthmothers into "giving up" babies, ripping off adoptive parents, and so on.

Winners All Around

THERE ARE problems with adoption, to be sure—exacerbated by governmental bureaucracy, trendy ideas, and tinges of racism and reverse racism—but studies show that adoption works well for the vast majority of adoptive children, whose welfare should be our first priority. It also works well for most adoptive parents and for birthmothers, who generally grieve for the departed child but are glad that they have given life and are able to get on with their own lives; as one put it, "I knew that something can hurt a lot and still be the right thing to do."

That's not what anti-adoption propagandists would have us believe, though. We are told that adopted children are always searching for their birthmothers—in real life, less than 5 per cent do—unless, of course, the children have already been killed by adoptive mothers. For example, Barry Siegel's *A Death in White Bear Lake* has a birthmother looking for the child she had placed for adoption two decades before, only to find that the adoptive mother (probably separated at birth from the witch in *Hansel and Gretel*) had beaten him to death. Marsha Riben's *The Dark Side of Adoption* even equates adoptive parents with the devil.

We are told that adoption is no answer in cases where the father has abandoned mother and child. In the words of feminist Letty Cottin Pogrebin, "There is no need for a big Daddy and a medium-sized Mommy to teach Baby Bear." In real life, however, Baby Bear and his medium-sized

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Mommy by themselves often lead lives that are solitary and poor, and sometimes nasty, brutish, and short. The economic facts are harsh: three-fifths of all illegitimate children and their mothers depend on welfare for a minimal subsistence. The social consequences are even worse: studies of families at equal economic levels show that children without fathers tend to receive lower grades, score lower on achievement tests, and get into trouble far more often than children with fathers; they are far more likely to participate in gangs, commit crimes, start fires, use drugs, or attempt suicide.

But enough unimportant details about the well-being of children: far more central, in the effort to discourage unwed mothers from considering adoption, is the psychology of birthmothers. For example, a pamphlet entitled *Adoption? Abortion?* states that mothers who choose adoption "live a life filled with pain, worry, anger, wonder, and mourning without end." The natural choice is abortion, according to the famed feminist handbook *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, which argues that "the loss of a child to adoption is a unique and unnatural one. Unlike death, which is final, adoption creates a . . . limbo loss." *The Dark Side of Adoption* uses the same term: "A limbo loss exists for mothers who do not know if the children they bore are dead or alive. . . . Birthmothers are seldom at peace." Apparently, a mother can gain peace only if she knows her child is dead. (Women in thousands of post-abortion-syndrome groups throughout the United States would argue differently.)

Another book, though, suggests the real concern is not that the adopted child may be dead; it is that the child is most likely alive and may come to visit. Marjorie and Daniel Maguire of Catholics for a Free Choice ask in *Abortion: A Guide to Making Ethical Choices*, "How will you react 21 years from now if new laws allow adopted children to be given the name of their birthmothers when they come of age, and this child arrives on your doorstep?"

Often, feminist thought police overlook fatal collisions in order to spend their time scrutinizing fender-benders. The Feminist Majority Foundation's film *Abortion Denied*, which the Turner Broadcasting System ran as a public service, examines what actress Christine Pickle termed "chilling questions" about adoption; for example, adoption-agency fees "vary widely and can range from minimal amounts for minority or special-needs babies to a high of 12 per cent of the adoptive parents' gross annual income." Viewers are told, "It would be a tragedy in this country, then, if the more money you have means the kind of child you could adopt [*sic*]. That would be very chilling." The film did not reveal how the head, arms, and legs of an unborn baby are cut off during an abortion; it concentrated on the really chilling stories.

Why the Rage?

WHY DOES adoption make cultural leftists rage? Three strategic needs of the pro-abortion mindset underlie the War on Adoption.

Need 1: For abortion to be legal and accepted, the unborn child has to be considered the property of the mother; if the clump of cells must die to make her free, it is a small sacrifice. Key adoption questions, therefore, must concern the mother's psychological liberty and pursuit of happiness, not the life of the child.

Need 2: For female autonomy to be affirmed, the fact that it is better for a child to live in a two-parent family than with a single parent must not be acknowledged. Therefore, the issue of adoption must be portrayed as one of class struggle (poorer birthmother *v.* middle-class adoptive parents), racial struggle (black *v.* white), and sexual struggle (liberated *v.* confined to marriage).

Need 3: Every happy adoptee is a reminder to aborting mothers of the road not taken. Since abortion must become a guilt-free operation if women are to be psychologically as well as physically liberated, this town isn't big enough for both adoption and abortion.

Am I stating these needs and temptations too bluntly? Look at a book such as *Death by Adoption*, in which abortion counselor Joss Sawyer writes that she had compared "the traumatic results of adoptions with the comparatively simple remedy of early, safe abortion. In my view, there is no contest. . . . Adoption is a violent act, a political act of aggression toward a woman who has supposedly offended the sexual mores by committing the unforgivable act of not suppressing her sexuality." The villains are "women who safely made it into marriage by either successfully suppressing their sexuality, or by not being caught out carrying an unplanned pregnancy to term." Such women "wait greedily with outstretched arms for their prize"—babies to be adopted.

Miss Sawyer also writes about the plight of foreign-born children who come to the United States and "are whisked away in cars to arrive at strange houses full of objects they've never even imagined . . . they are popped into Western-style beds and left alone in dark rooms to sleep. Prob-

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The Right Gifts for Father's Day.

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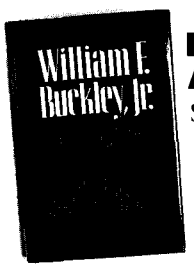

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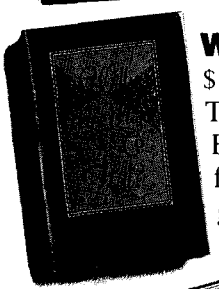

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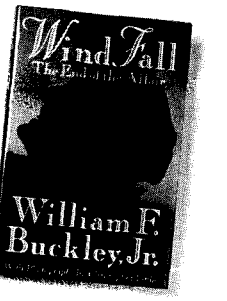

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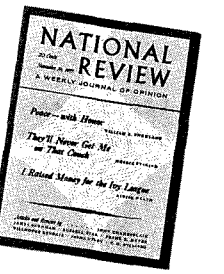

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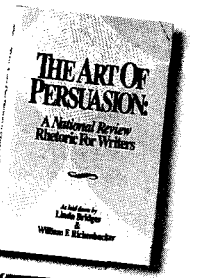

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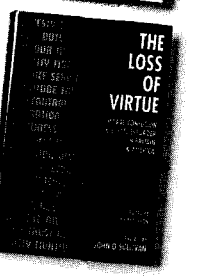

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ably even teddy bears are stuffed into bed with them." The brutes!

The few positive portrayals of adoption that make it past media gatekeepers leave pro-abortion partisans furious. Debbie McKenny, who chairs the Pittsburgh chapter of the National Abortion Rights Action League, said that when she first saw pro-adoption ads paid for by the DeMoss Foundation [see sidebar], "I probably hopped out of the chair and started screaming and pacing. I was very, very angry." Pro-abortionists threatened to take away business from the advertising agency, BBDO, that produced the DeMoss ads, arguing in *Advertising Age* that the agency had linked itself with "a fringe perspective." Threats led the Lifetime and CNBC cable networks to refuse to accept the paid DeMoss ads.

For every screamer who understands that adoption is a threat to the abortion way of life, there are probably ten fellow-travelers concerned with vague questions of equity, and a hundred "useful idiots."

Government officials who will not clear abandoned children for adoption are among the useful idiots. Some, using Orwellian language such as "family preservation," will not acknowledge that a mother who has for years proffered crack to her kids should relinquish her right to ruin their lives further by keeping them trapped in foster homes. Others turn adoptable two-year-olds into ravaged and virtually unadoptable seven-year-olds by slowing down the process in many different ways, perhaps to keep their budgets alive but usually to make sure no tragedies appear on their watch.

How much precaution is enough? Counseling, home studies, and a few regulations are helpful, but many adoption officials are like the football coach so afraid his team will give up touchdowns that he spends every minute of the team's practice on defense and develops an ultra-conservative playbook for the offense. When his team loses 3–0 he speaks proudly of not giving up a touchdown; had he taken some calculated risks, his team might have won 49–7. In life, the decisions are harder: we never want to see any child placed with abusive parents. And yet, a look at the abuse that tens of thousands of children face in foster care makes the urgency of relieving their suffering apparent.

The Choice That Pro-Choicers Aren't Pro

IN EARLY 1992, cable-television watchers across America were surprised to see a commercial that was patently pro-life. It was an attractive, professionally done commercial, the kind that might promote Chase Manhattan Bank or U.S. Healthcare, with artfully shot photos of kids, lots of beautiful kids. A school door opens and children in parochial-school uniforms pour out laughing; impish toddlers grin out at us from Halloween costumes. Meanwhile a warm-sounding voice says: "All these children have one thing in common. All of them were unplanned pregnancies . . . that could have ended in abortion. But their parents toughed it out, listened to their hearts and discovered . . . that sometimes the best things in life aren't planned. Life. What a beautiful choice."

This is one of a series of pro-life ads still being run by the Arthur S. DeMoss Foundation, a Christian evangelical group based in St. Davids, Pennsylvania. As *Newsweek* reports, the late Arthur DeMoss was a born-again Christian who made a fortune in the insurance business. His widow, Nancy, now heads the foundation, which contributes to such groups as Campus Crusade for Christ, the Pat Boone Foundation, and the conservative Free Congress Foundation.

Another commercial specifically features an adoption: a man receives a telephone call, and then tells his wife that their baby is ready. The next shot is of the couple receiving an infant from a nurse's arms; all three adults have tear-brimming smiles. A third commercial focuses on a young girl who has survived a botched abortion. As we see the attractive girl sing "Amazing Grace" with what looks like her high-school choir, she narrates her tale: she has had medical problems resulting from the abortion attempt, but she is alive, and she realizes what a precious gift life is.

Reaction to the ads from Planned Parenthood, the National Abortion Rights Action League, and even the advertising industry has been fast and furious. That the ads would be damned for being anti-abortion was to be expected; however, there has been an equal amount of bitterness over their pro-adoption stance, even though only the one ad explicitly promotes adoption. *Glamour* calls the first ad described above part of DeMoss's "pro-adoption ad campaign," and *Newsweek*'s story, headlined "A Hymn to Adoption—or Is It?" implies that the children in the first ad have been adopted—though they are identified simply as "unplanned." This confusion between anti-abortion and pro-adoption messages leads one to suspect that the two are inextricably linked in the media's mind as dangerous to those who claim to be "pro-choice."

Newsweek goes on to say: "the ads would be less controversial were it not for the provocative adoption–abortion link." Would they? Alexander C. Sanger, President and CEO of Planned Parenthood of New York City (and grandson of Margaret Sanger), wrote in January, "The DeMoss Foundation ads should be seen for what they are, a stealth weapon in that Foundation's attack on abortion. . . . The ads are a terrible and ineffective way to promote adoption. . . . The DeMoss Foundation offers a shameless sales pitch: thirty seconds of romanticized views of beautiful children. The rosy, heavenly images in the ads seem more likely to persuade young teens, whose views of parenting may already be more ideal than real, to choose to keep their babies, rather than choosing adoption or abortion." *Keeping* babies is apparently as unacceptable as placing them for adoption.

Critics of the ads complain that they are expensive and "slick," though those two words would probably describe any effective ad campaign, for anything from cigarettes

Miss McFadden is managing editor of The Human Life Review.

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Practitioners of reverse racism also have joined the War on Adoption. There is no shortage of adoptive parents for black babies, as long as some can be placed in white homes; many white couples have been willing, and research has shown that black children generally do well in trans-racial adoptions. Yet, the National Association of Black Social Workers for two decades has called trans-racial adoption "cultural genocide" and demanded its elimination. The NABSW's assertion that no parents are better than white parents has ruined the lives of thousands of black children, including the over 80,000 black children now in foster care. Furthermore, a study done for the Ounce of Prevention Fund showed that young mothers, aware of the difficulty of finding adoptive homes for black and mixed-race babies, reject adoption out of fear that their children would be consigned to years in foster care.

Now that courts have decided that racism in child placement is a violation of civil rights, the practice in its overt forms may be on the way out. Another battle in the War on Adoption, however, is growing more intense: the "open adoption." This includes continued contacts between birthmother and child, with adoptive parents becoming long-term foster caregivers. Theoreticians of "open adoption" talk like proselytizers for "open marriage": Why settle for one relationship? But just as thoroughly modern marriage trades the rings that symbolize commitment and responsibility for ruinous flings, so with-it adoption destabilizes children's lives and creates conflicts between birthmothers and adoptive parents that, if the practice continues, will surely lead to real disaster stories.

The cultural Left's battalions have some unlikely allies. Most evangelical Christians are pro-adoption, but a few have expressed the view that young women should *have* to raise their out-of-wedlock children as a way of living with the consequences of sin. Others, such as popular speaker Bill Gothard, have argued that Christians should not adopt because the sins of the birthparents will inevitably pop out among their children. Popular writer Mary Pride has attacked those would-be adoptive parents who are infertile because of sexually transmitted diseases or previous abortions and "are

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to stuffing mix to help for the homeless. Peter Donald in the *New York Observer* sniffs righteously at the estimated $40 million spent by the "wealthy" foundation. But the DeMoss Foundation's estimated assets of $400 million pale beside the Rockefeller Foundation's $2.1 billion or the Ford Foundation's $6.2 billion; both the latter have donated millions of dollars to Planned Parenthood. Though it claims to be privately funded and non-profit, Planned Parenthood receives millions of U.S. tax dollars every year. Planned Parenthood's revenue in 1991 alone was $403 million, of which $124 million came from the government.

Barbara Lippert, an advertising critic for *Adweek* writing in the August 1992 *Glamour*, likened the ads to the TV spots during Reagan's 1984 re-election campaign, which focused not on him but on "golden images of weddings, houses being built, and children running." She claims their "Downy-soft visual style" got them past the censors who refused to run "two out of four Planned Parenthood ads because of their 'content.'" (She also mentions that NARAL has run spots on CNN, which however came under "incredible scrutiny.") The idea that parents should "tough it out" she denounces as being judgmental; "While adoption is wonderful, much is left out of the scene showing parents picking up a perfect white baby. The process all too often neglects the children who are born HIV-positive or crack addicted, or who are sick or handicapped."

Mary Beth Seader, at the National Committee for Adoption, says such charges are dead wrong. "There are waiting lists for Down Syndrome and spina-bifida babies, and thousands of kids—HIV babies; drug addicted, handicapped older kids—are unavailable for adoption because their parental rights haven't been terminated." Miss Seader thinks that the DeMoss adoption ad is "the most positive thing we've seen in a long time."

CRITICS AND friends alike agree the ads are *good*. This unsettles the liberal media: one would expect born-again, pro-life Christians to produce grainy black-and-white ads with poor sound quality, which would never appear on prime-time cable.

Compare the reaction to an ad in the controversial but politically correct realm. Esprit de Corps, a clothing company aimed at hip young women, launched a $9-million advertising campaign in 1992, called "What would you do?" They asked this question of "average" young people and used the answers and photos in their advertisements. One of the ads has a teenage girl saying she would "Keep a woman's right to choose . . . unless George Bush is free to babysit." The ad provoked the wrath of pro-lifers, but was so popular with other viewers, said Danny Kraus of Esprit public relations, that customers organized a "buycott" of Esprit products. "It was a great campaign," to "make people start to think," emotes Kraus; it was not "product driven" but aimed at Esprit's "putting their money where their mouth is." The ad campaign won an award from *The City*, a San Francisco magazine, and was also included by the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s "Ad Beat" column as one of the best ad campaigns of 1992.

There have been no awards for the DeMoss ads, but there have been lots of phone calls—both pro and con. Because of the deluge of calls, the Foundation has stopped taking calls at its main offices. A recording directs those interested in the ads to leave their fax number. Anyone who does so will receive a brief statement, explaining that the ad campaign "celebrates life. It deals with family values and treats a delicate subject in a kind and gentle way. It seeks to change minds, not laws, by getting people to think about a difficult subject in a new light." And that's just what pro-choicers are afraid of.

—MARIA MCFADDEN

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simply seeking to escape the consequences of their previous choices. . . . These people were just not meant by God to have children." But God has compassion for the least of His little ones, and so should we.

These anti-adoption ideas have consequences. Family-planning clinics rarely mention adoption as a realistic option for unwed pregnant women, some pro-life crisis-pregnancy centers are not much better. B. J. Williams, a pro-life adoption director in California, tells of young women saying, "I have never failed at anything. I feel adoption is failing," and pro-life counselors believing that "only someone who doesn't love the child will place for adoption."

How can we battle powerful anti-adoption forces? On an individual level, we need to recapture the original understanding of compassion—personal involvement, not passing a bill or sending a check—and be willing ourselves to adopt minority or hard-to-place children. On a public-policy level, we need to push for a streamlining of the foster-care system so that children can be freed quickly for placement in permanent adoptive homes. On a cultural level, we need to stress the needs of children unborn and born, and in that way become not only pro-life but fully pro-family as well.

The number of teenage out-of-wedlock pregnancies continues to grow, but the single-parenting craze may be peaking; it has become clear to even the enemies of Dan Quayle that the self-absorbed developmental stage that is adolescence, and the stage of total dependency that is infancy, do not go well together. Successful abstinence programs could reduce some of the pressure, but the choice increasingly will be abortion or adoption. There is no neutrality in this war. □

Pol Pot's Cambodia

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

If you like the war in Bosnia, you'll love the one in Cambodia.

MARTIN AROSTEGUI

MORTAR rounds were falling near the airstrip of the remote provincial capital of Siem Reap as I braced myself for take-off inside a United Nations C-130. It was the week in which Cambodia's first free elections were supposed to start. But the campaign took on a decidedly military turn as the Khmer Rouge declared war on the UN peacekeeping effort.

The UN thought it could trust Pol Pot's genocidal Communists to support the formation of a legitimate government following decades of atrocities, war, and foreign occupation—only to find that it is now the target of their terrorism. The Khmer Rouge intensified attacks across the country in April, as Pol Pot's spokesman, Khieu Samphan, announced that they were pulling out of the Supreme National Council (SNC), a governing body created by the UN to bring together Cambodia's warring factions. "Are you a journalist?" asked a Canadian Mountie working for the United Nations Transitional Authority for Cambodia (UNTAC). "Just stick around: you are going to have a real war here."

As I left Siem Reap, electoral workers recruited by the UN were huddled inside the compound of an Army battalion from Bangladesh. The soldiers serving with UNTAC were also too scared to venture out. Cambodians helping to organize the elections had been systematically persecuted, and two Japanese working as electoral supervisors had been murdered by the Khmer Rouge during the past month. The Khmer Rouge have targeted UN workers from Japan because the director of UNTAC, Yasushi Akashi, is Japanese, and because Tokyo is providing a major part of the funding for the UN peacekeeping effort. It is terrorism in its most studied form. "But the UN continues with its original plan regardless," says Charles Bowers, a member of the Australian Electoral Commission, "as if all that is happening were just hiccups."

Bowers tells of how his interpreter's home was burned down and two Cambodian women registering voters in Siem Reap were machine-gunned to death during a Khmer Rouge raid on electoral offices. Bowers believes that elections held under present conditions—without security adequate to guarantee them—"would be a farce." Like many other foreign volunteers, he is preparing to leave Cambodia.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert Adolph of the U.S. Army Special Forces is not leaving, but he is not optimistic either. A published expert in psychological warfare, he believes that the Khmer Rouge is the only force in Cambodia with any "unity of purpose" and that the UN plan for Cambodia is "basically flawed." In Adolph's view, it would take a division of organized combat troops to provide the security necessary for elections to take place. Captain Decker of the battalion of Dutch Royal Marines in Cambodia believes that a pacification process would take five years.

Calling George Orwell

INSTEAD, the UN has leaned over backward to placate the Khmer Rouge, going so far as to strike out references to genocide from its official records on Pol Pot's government, which devastated Cambodia with its "ruralization" policy between 1975 and 1979. A Sorbonne-educated Marxist, Pol Pot had a rather existential interpretation of the Socialist utopia as an agrarian society entirely dedicated to growing rice for his army. He came a long way toward achieving this vision by emptying out the cities and slaughtering en masse all Cambodians with

Mr. Arostegui is a freelance journalist specializing in paramilitary affairs.

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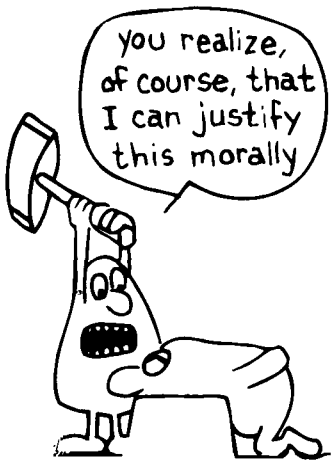
anything beyond a primary education. Pol Pot did not want his dream disturbed by even the possibility that someone might possess the faculty to think.

Just to be sure, he had many of the children of educated families killed along with their parents (mass graves have been unearthed outside the main towns), and for those who survived life has been an enduring trauma. Touch Heap was 12 when he was forced at gunpoint to watch the execution of his father and mother; he was told that if he so much as shed a tear he would be killed as well. "Our only ideology at the time was survival," explains Khieu Kanharith, who is among only three of his 1975 university class to live through the holocaust—the other two were out of the country. He managed to make his way into the remote countryside and pass himself off as a simple rice farmer until the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia in 1979. Receiving them as liberators, he went to work for the government set up by Hanoi, a rump of which has remained in power in Phnom Penh since Vietnam withdrew its troops three years ago. Kanharith is now a deputy to Prime Minister Hun Sen of the State of Cambodia (SOC), who served as Foreign Minister under the Vietnamese.

Pol Pot's Delusion

TO BE SURE, it was not simply Pol Pot's oppression of his people that provoked the invasion by his brother Communists from Vietnam. It was his delusions of creating a new Khmer empire, based on an entity which existed in ancient times, when Kings of Cambodia ruled much of the region. Pol Pot has since pursued his own brand of "ethnic cleansing" by persecuting the Vietnamese migrant community in Cambodia. In recent weeks massacres of Vietnamese fishermen in the central lake region have caused an exodus of floating villages, which can be seen chugging their way down the Mekong River toward the open sea. Vietnamese-owned businesses get fragged with hand grenades and the SOC does nothing to protect them, as that would play into the hands of the Khmer Rouge appeal to Cambodian xenophobia.

Kanharith is pessimistic about the chances of successful elections in Cambodia, where 18 political factions are



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competing for a majority of the vote. Even if they do take place, whatever shaky coalition emerges could still easily be broken by the terrorist strategy of the Khmer Rouge.

He describes the UN effort in Cambodia as one of "well intentioned people who are tragically out of touch with the country's reality." One of these could be James Lynch, a lawyer from Los Angeles who got bored with asbestos litigation and now works as a UN field officer in a grass hut in the heart of Khmer Rouge territory. He is allowed to function there because the relief supplies he directs to repatriated Cambodians coming from camps in neighboring Thailand provide the Khmer Rouge with more people to control.

Although Lynch has copies of NATIONAL REVIEW scattered around the hut where he receives the world's most unrepentant Communists, he describes his relations with local Khmer Rouge commanders as "positive." A local market is now allowed to operate in his village and some of the commanders "even have local girlfriends," Lynch says, as proof of how the Khmer Rouge have mellowed. But asked if the upper leadership of the Khmer Rouge has undergone similar changes, he remains silent. He agrees later in our conversation that the one-legged Khmer Rouge chieftain in the neighboring province of Siem Reap has a reputation for ruthlessness which matches even Pol Pot's. And when I ask to go to their camp and take some pictures, he automatically replies, "I don't want to be responsible for seeing your head broken and having the film ripped out of your camera." We drive a few miles down the dirt road, passing a Khmer Rouge roadblock where sentries stand alert with their Chinese AK-47s.

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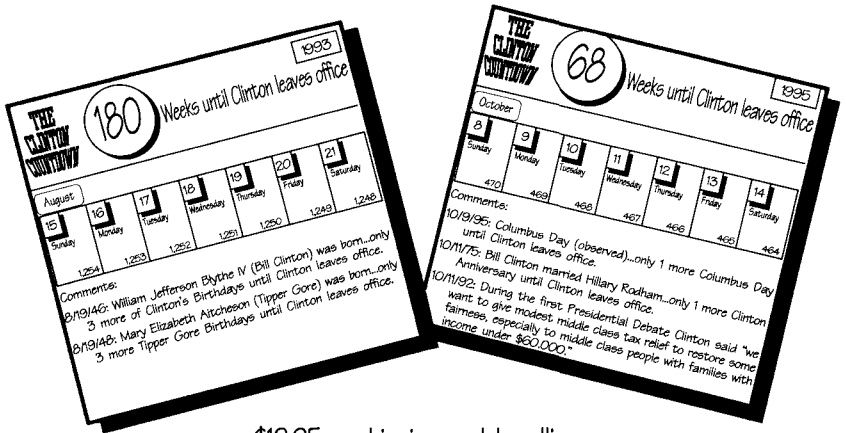
THE CLINTON COUNTDOWN
180
Weeks until Clinton leaves office
1993
August
Sunday 15
Monday 16
Tuesday 17
Wednesday 18
Thursday 19
Friday 20
Saturday 21
Comments:
8/19/46: William Jefferson Blythe IV (Bill Clinton) was born...only 3 more of Clinton's Birthdays until Clinton leaves office.
8/19/48: Mary Elizabeth Aitcheson (Tipper Gore) was born...only 3 more Tipper Gore Birthdays until Clinton leaves office.
THE CLINTON COUNTDOWN
68
Weeks until Clinton leaves office
1995
October
Sunday 8
Monday 9
Tuesday 10
Wednesday 11
Thursday 12
Friday 13
Saturday 14
Comments:
10/9/95: Columbus Day (observed)...only 1 more Columbus Day until Clinton leaves office.
10/11/75: Bill Clinton married Hillary Rodham...only 1 more Clinton Anniversary until Clinton leaves office.
10/11/92: During the first Presidential Debate Clinton said "we want to give modest middle class tax relief to restore some fairness, especially to middle class people with families with income under $60,000."

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Further down the road, the SOC roadblock stands abandoned. "The guards are at the local village getting drunk or setting up an illegal toll somewhere" to extract money from civilians, speculates Lynch. The SOC army has not been paid in six months; the Khmer Rouge, meanwhile, is the richest political faction in Cambodia, with a treasury estimated at about $1 billion, gained from exporting gemstones and timber from the areas it controls. Pol Pot's armed strength is between 15,000 and 20,000 battle-hardened veterans with the resources to fight on for years—whereas none of the aircraft and very few of the tanks the SOC inherited from the Vietnamese are in serviceable condition.

Out of Accord

THE MAIN reason for the sorry state of Phnom Penh's army is that, unlike the Khmer Rouge, the SOC had begun demobilizing its 50,000-man force in compliance with the 1991 Paris agreements. According to these increasingly irrelevant accords, drawn up at the time of Vietnam's withdrawal from Cambodia, all the factions would disarm 70 per cent of their forces and canton their troops. The Khmer Rouge never complied.

There were very early signs that the Khmer Rouge had no intention of disarming. In April 1992, an officer of the Australian Special Air Service regiment serving with the initial group of UN military observers was helicoptered to Khmer Rouge headquarters in the district of Anlong Veng. His mission was to obtain information about the size and location of their arms caches. He was totally ignored. "The atmosphere was oppressive," he recalls. "People were told not to talk to me and Khmer Rouge commanders kept putting me off." After waiting a day, he returned empty-handed. The UN was never even able to draw up a plan for Khmer Rouge disarmament.

The Commander of UN forces at the time, General Michel de Lorridon, strongly recommended taking tougher measures against the Khmer Rouge, such as outlawing Pol Pot and moving combat units into his areas to force compliance with the Paris agreements. But Lorridon's outspoken views earned him his dismissal, and an Australian general, John Sanderson, was named to command the military component of UNTAC, which grew to 15,000 men from 33 different countries, the largest UN peacekeeping operation up until that date.

While Sanderson has toed the official line, which has been to play down the problems with the Khmer Rouge, his deputy commander, who comes from the French Foreign Legion, leaves no doubt that "we have to all intents and purposes a partitioned country." General Robert Rideau believes that the more aggressive steps recommended by Lorridon stood a good chance of working a year ago, when the Khmer Rouge were in a weaker state, but that now it would be much more difficult. Pol Pot's army has had time to regather its strength, decimated by the ten-year struggle with Vietnam. Rideau has previously served in Lebanon and several parts of Africa. It is the first time that he has worked with the United Nations, and he hopes that it is the last. The Legionnaire considers the UN to be "very special," a polite French way of saying that something is not quite right.

"Sorry, sir, but that country just isn't there *any more."*

While Rideau and some other military observers say the Khmer Rouge leadership is not as monolithic as it may seem, very few believe the movement can be broken up as long as Pol Pot and his Politburo remain in control. The architects of Cambodia's genocide meet frequently to deliberate in secret at various hideouts in the mountainous region straddling the border with Thailand. It was at these meetings that they decided to buy time and whatever other benefits could be gotten by signing on the UN's dotted line in Paris. The Khmer Rouge also calculated that the SOC would collapse before elections could take place and that they would be left as the only force strong enough to fill the vacuum, taking power in Cambodia under UN auspices.

But Pol Pot's gamble has not quite paid off, because the SOC has proved more resilient than many anticipated. The large UN presence has given Cambodia an economic boost. Direct reconstruction and relief aid have not been all that effective; public-works officials I spoke with complained that the UN planners have allocated virtually no budget for such specific tasks as rebuilding schools and hospitals. But UNTAC's 21,000 well-paid personnel have created a dollar economy virtually overnight in Cambodia's main cities, and stolen goods have flooded in from Thailand to fill the stores and the open street markets. Everything from Johnnie Walker Black to Japanese cars is widely available at black-market rates. Motorbikes clog Phnom Penh's wide boulevards, which are lined with piles of decomposing garbage, mutilated beggars, and the carcasses of French colonial mansions, which squatters have turned into slums.

Rats skitter through the corridors of the dilapidated old hotels, while Vietnamese rock bands play the latest tunes at a variety of new nightclubs, which are filled with businessmen, UNTAC soldiers, and surprisingly elegant-looking prostitutes. Illicit trading is so common in Cambodia that one of the new entrepreneurs applying for a business-management course with the International Labor Organization states on his form that "I sell stolen motorcycles from Thailand and would like to learn how to do it better."

But many are asking what is going to happen to this bizarre economic boom once UNTAC closes up shop on August 22. The national currency, the riel, is virtually worthless, and losing value by the day. The resulting inflation has quintupled the price of rice and other basic goods. Never missing an opportunity, the Khmer Rouge have used their veto power on the Supreme National Council to block a $65-million loan from the World Bank by insisting on conditions to which the lending organization cannot agree.

"The way to deal with the Khmer

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Rouge is through persuasion and negotiation" was the formula prescribed by UN Secretary General Boutros-Ghali during a visit to Cambodia in early April. "We have been invited in here." He appeared at the news conference held at the Royal Palace on the banks of the Mekong River accompanied by Cambodia's "Last Emperor," former King Norodom Sihanouk, who is the nominal chairman of the SNC and a man on whom the UN is relying heavily. "We are solidly behind King Sihanouk," said the UN Secretary General.

Sihanouk, however, has failed to keep the SNC going—just as he failed to keep Cambodia neutral during the Vietnam War, when the fence-straddling King allowed North Vietnam to turn his country into a logistical base. He was overthrown in a U.S.-backed coup led by General Lon Nol in 1970, and when that government in turn fell to the Khmer Rouge, Sihanouk was brought back by Pol Pot as a nominal head of state under house arrest in his Chinese-style palace. During the Vietnamese occupation, the King went to live in China and North Korea. He has apparently grown close to the hardline Communist regime in Pyongyang, which is developing atomic weapons in violation of the Non-Proliferation Treaty. He moves around protected by North Korean bodyguards. And the extent to which Sihanouk takes his cue from Asia's rogue nuclear power is evident in his views on South Korea: "As long as I'm alive there will be no relations between Cambodia and South Korea." UN officials explain that there is no other national figure they can work with in Cambodia. Sihanouk's son leads a political party which is a heavy favorite in the elections.

The place to meet most other educated Cambodians who would be leading their country toward democracy is at the Monument to The Genocide, about ten miles outside of Phnom Penh. Their skulls stare at you from behind panes of glass in a pagoda which rises from the spot where nine thousand bodies of writers, lawyers, diplomats, businessmen, and others who would not adjust to Pol Pot's farming collective were uncovered in a mass grave. Cambodia is like a country which has been given a lobotomy, and the monstrous doctor who performed it is now back to reclaim the life of the walking corpse. □

The Americans With Disabilities Act

WHEELCHAIRS AT THIRD BASE

Should blindness disqualify you from being a fireman? Ask George Bush or Tom Harkin.

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THE Americans with Disabilities Act has as its stated purpose to prevent "discrimination" that prevents people with disabilities from living fully normal lives. It should come as no surprise that a bill with such sweeping ambitions—essentially, forcing society to pretend that mental and physical differences do not exist—has become a regulatory menace of historic proportions.

The law took effect in January 1992, and as of March 1993 more than 9,000 legal complaints had been filed under it, an unprecedented number in the history of civil-rights legislation. And every company that is aware of the Act is shaking in its boots.

The first lawsuit filed has just been decided. Charles Wessel, executive director of AIC Security Investigations, was diagnosed in 1987 as having lung

Mr. Rockwell is president of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Alabama.

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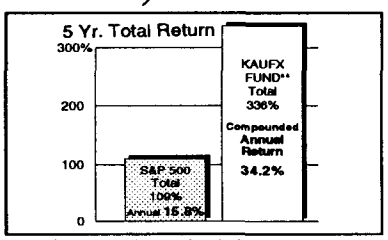

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cancer. By 1992, it had spread to his brain; because of the disease, or perhaps the medication, he was no longer "functioning," the company believed, and it asked him to retire.

Discrimination! Wessel's lawyer called the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, where staffers happily help file suits.

Quickly—by legal standards, anyway—a federal jury declared that AIC Security had indeed violated the ADA, and awarded Wessel $22,000 in back pay, $200,000 in compensatory damages from the company, and another $250,000 from the owner, Ruth Vrdolyak—for a total of $572,000.

Never mind that Wessel had been kept on board for five years as a cancer patient. Never mind, either, that he did not have a "disability," as this term is usually understood. He was not a paraplegic, or missing a hand, he had brain cancer. Thanks to the ADA, a tragedy for him and his family was transformed into a looting spree against his employer.

By Definition

THERE ARE literally thousands of definitions of "disability" used by federal, state, and local governments. Needless to say, the authors of this Act adopted the most expansive, since it serves the widest variety of special interests: "a physical or mental impairment which substantially limits one or more of the major life activities" or "being regarded as having such an impairment." The National Council on Disability—the federal agency charged with overseeing the Act's implementation—shortens this to the absurd: "any known physical or mental limitation."

The Act covers two areas: employment, and access to public accommodations. The provisions covering public accommodations have already resulted in some extremely costly renovations. To avoid judgments, for example, the America West Arena of Phoenix, Arizona, installed 14 wheelchair sections "in all price ranges and viewing angles," built a "dog park" for seeing-eye dogs, installed hearing devices, and made concession counters three feet high for people in wheelchairs and those "of short stature." (If you aren't of short stature and get a backache from stooping over for your hotdog, that doesn't count.)

A man in a wheelchair has sued the Little League for telling him he had to coach from a distance, and not right at third base. The Little League thought—obviously without regard to essential human rights—that a large metal device at third base posed a risk to the boys (and girls—the Little League is not wholly philistine).

An art institute had to hire a person to do sign language for a single student. A small television station had to provide sign-language interpretations of all 1992 election programming. (Apparently a mere thumbs-down didn't suffice.) A private school had to install ramps and new restrooms to make it easier for one wheelchaired relative of one student to attend one ceremony.

© Handelsman, *Punch* / Rotheo

"A room full of books, we feel, is an important statement in this age of illiteracy. We mostly watch television, though."

These cases are cited by the National Council on Disability as heroic examples of the ADA in action. They prove, says the Council, that the "ADA continues to be a major success of American public policy."

The law claims that business need not take on "undue" burdens, yet the courts have not yet declared any burden undue. The Council gives only one example. Restaurants do not need to have Braille menus, for the waiter need only read the menu to the visually impaired. But what if a blind person is deaf as well? Someone will surely sue and find out. And isn't having a menu read aloud an open display of unequal treatment? The most chilling example of Braille I have seen: it now festoons the *drive-in* ATM at my local bank.

The Tokyo Connection

BY FAR the most dangerous aspect of the ADA, however, is its employment provisions, which went into effect last year for businesses with 25 or more employees, and will be extended next year to firms with 15 or more employees. If a manager can no longer discriminate on grounds of "physical or mental" capacities, how can he hire, fire, and promote in any rational fashion? Hey, did Japanese lobbyists promote this bill?

Indeed, it is hard to imagine what kind of reasonable employment practice would *not* be considered a violation of the ADA. For example, a blind fireman was dismissed and then, after a lawsuit, rehired with back pay and damages.

The very notion of job qualifications is now suspect. When a man failed the test of the electrician certification board in Wisconsin, he sued the state through the ADA. His disability? He was no good at "taking tests." Just before the case went to trial, Wisconsin gave in and allowed the man to have ten hours over two days to take the test rather than four hours on one day, and to have a tutor and a copy of the state electrical code with him. ("Okay to turn on the power now, Ma'am. Oops, sorry!")

Not all is bleak, however. In Oregon, a woman claimed to have lost her job with two airlines because she had Gronblad-Strandberg syndrome, a disease of the connective tissues. But the airlines were able to convince the court that the actual reason she was fired was persistent absenteeism—a total of one year and three months during eight years with one airline, and seven and a half months out of three years with the other. The judge ruled that a 20 per cent absenteeism rate is sufficient for dismissal since "an employee must regularly attend work in order to be qualified to perform her job." Of course, with

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thoughts like these, the judge can forget about a Supreme Court appointment from Mrs. Clinton.

In a Postal Service case, an admitted alcoholic was fired for absenteeism after years of negotiations. The court sided with the Post Office, ruling that the woman was let go not because of alcoholism but because she missed work too much. The lesson: if your non-performing employee is an alcoholic, you'd better hope he stays home, since boozing is an official disability under the ADA.

Even the old-fashioned job interview has come under assault. The ADA explicitly prohibits the use of employment tests "and other selection criteria" that screen out "people with disabilities"—i.e., those with limitations. Prospective employers are being told not to ask any questions about past behavior, whether absenteeism, alcoholism, drug use, or even mental skills. Manuals on ADA implementation give examples of the most obviously illegal questions: "Have you ever been treated by a psychiatrist or psychologist? For what?" "Is there any health-related reason that would prevent you from doing the type of work for which you are applying?" "Are you taking any prescribed drugs that would affect your work performance?"

More Disabled than Thou

EVERYONE knows that business is mandated to hire and promote disabled people, even if doing so entails extra costs. But how much cost is "reasonable"? Does a small company have to drive itself to the brink of bankruptcy to accommodate one employee? When the quota game starts—as it inevitably will—the questions will mount. A company will have to be able to point to its past record of hiring and promoting disabled people to justify itself in a single case. But will an accused business be able to cite a staff of alcoholics, drug users, and dyslexics as evidence that it did not discriminate against a quadriplegic? What if a black woman is passed over so that a one-legged white male can be hired?

And what happens when "fully abled" people notice that people considered "disabled" are getting better treatment? Given the broadness of the term "disabled," it is getting easier for people to shift their status from abled to disabled. Affirmative action for the disabled will result in more disabled people.

The lobbyists for the ADA told us it would not be costly, would not generate new litigation, and would not break the legs of business. They said it would simply protect the handicapped against the bigoted. Based on such myths, the ADA passed overwhelmingly—377 to 28 in the House and 91 to 6 in the Senate.

Congress or the Bush Administration could have enumerated the kinds of disabilities included under the Act, but both chose not to. Why? Special interests saw the act as a golden (or, rather, green) opportunity for being classified among America's official victims. Clearly defining what constitutes disability, as Peter A. Susser argues in the *Employee Relations Law Journal*, would "not ensure comprehensiveness (particularly in light of the fact that new disorders may develop in the future)."

Skeptical conservatives in Congress then took the tack that the exceptions to disability ought to be listed. During the debates, for example, Jim Chapman (D., Tex.) sought to allow restaurants to transfer an employee with an "infectious or communicable disease of public-health significance" out of food-handling. The House passed the Chapman Amendment and so did the Senate. But when the gay lobby objected, the amendment was dropped in conference.

Conservatives did win one small victory. They were able to list some conditions that cannot be considered disabilities, including homosexuality, bisexuality, transvestitism, transsexualism, pedophilia, exhibitionism, voyeurism, kleptomania, and pyromania. But, based on past history, it won't be long before the March on Washington is followed by the pyromaniacs' Burndown of Washington, or the kleptomaniacs' Theft of Washington.

The disability lobby likes to compare the ADA to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and the comparison is disarmingly apt. Both laws establish the government as the discerner of sinister motives behind economic acts. Motives can be important once guilt is already established, as in criminal trials; but to make otherwise innocent actions criminal on federally perceived motivation, as anti-discrimination law does, is fundamentally totalitarian.

At the time the 1964 act was passed, most people thought it was about preventing the use of fire hoses and police dogs against peaceful demonstrators. Instead, it ended up erecting an enormous apparatus of quotas and special privileges for blacks, while trampling the freedom of association, destroying the free market in labor, and setting in motion a competitive bidding process for blacks that carries the Peter Principle out the window. In effect, all the warnings of the opponents came true.

Similarly, the ADA was supposed to make the disabled more independent and include them in the labor market. But it will succeed only in erecting an enormous extra-market superstructure of court precedents, business mandates, special privileges, and quotas. The authentically disabled may be helped by the ADA—but only because of their dependence on this legal edifice. The Act thus creates not independence, but far-reaching dependence on the government.

Most people, even many conservatives, are far too sanguine about interfering with market relations through anti-discrimination law. At the root of this intervention lies opposition to voluntary market relations, and a view of free enterprise as a kind of conspiracy. For example, George Bush's EEOC chairman, Evan J. Kemp, claims that "much of our public policy has been centered on improving society" for "the 5-foot-10-inch, 160-pound, 28-year-old white male with no physical or mental impairments." Huh? This is analysis worthy of Jesse Jackson.

Equal Laws or Special Rights?

THE IDEA of the American system is, or was, that we would have a few strict laws to which everyone would have to adhere, and that these laws would mainly demarcate what is mine from what is thine. They would also punish those who went over the line. This idea is entirely lost on the disability lobby, and others demanding special rights at the expense of liberty and property.

Over the next few years, we can be sure, ADA lawsuits will skyrocket. More and more people will have a vested interest in using the ADA; and the government, always looking for a reason to expand, will be more than pleased to oblige.

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The National Council on Disability has suggested areas for future complaints: a "recent survey found that 48 per cent of private physicians refuse to treat patents who are HIV-positive." That's now discriminating against the disabled. Also, bathroom faucets, public phones, water fountains, supermarket food shelves, and library card catalogues are too high. All these are cited by the Council as in need of correction by the ADA.

The Council, moreover, says that focusing on the currently disabled is not enough. The government should also serve those with "emerging disabilities," such as those who are "adversely affected by secondary smoke" in "public places," i.e., liberals. The Council even suggests that if a fellow employee's perfume gets on your nerves, you should use the ADA to sue your employer. Why? You have a disability (perfume irritates you) and by allowing people to wear perfume, your employer is violating your rights.

The Clinton Administration is requesting that Congress approve another 157 jobs just to handle ADA and other civil-rights paperwork. The Council supports this too, of course, so that the Federal Government can be more "sensitive to the needs" of disabled "African Americans, Native Americans, Hispanic and Latino populations, Asian Americans, Pacific Islanders, and other minority populations." (Why do today's federal documents read like a Maya Angelou poem?)

The Council also points out, as if we had to be told, that "minority women with disabilities" have "three possible categories" of discrimination. The point is illustrated by the case of an Atlanta medical clinic that asked Esther Atakpa, a Nigerian citizen, to take an HIV test before she was given care. The woman refused, and so was refused service. Miss Atakpa filed suit in the U.S. District Court in Georgia under both the Americans with Disability Act and the Civil Rights Act. The ACLU is picking up all her costs.

Chilling Effect

THE NUMBER of complaints, however, will never measure the degree to which this act is radically changing American business. The threat of a complaint is as effective as the complaint itself. The hundreds of pages in the *Federal Register* spelling out what the ADA is supposed to mean don't come close to exhausting the possibilities.

Activists claim that 43 million Americans are disabled. But this is nonsense. We need to face the fact that no two people are alike. Each of us excels at some things and not at others. We have strengths and we have weaknesses. (I, for example, am driven crazy—a protected disability—by the ADA.) That's what makes us human.

In 1986, Ronald Reagan gave the manager of Friendly's restaurant in Muncy, Pennsylvania, an award for voluntarily accommodating disabled employees. A wheelchaired dishwasher needed a special plastic apron to keep dry while sorting dishes, and a deaf employee required communications in writing. These days such examples sound quaint.

The disabled deserve our compassion and our help, as long as they aren't trying to socialize America. That's why we need to return to the time when a restaurant manager was a heroine for helping the disabled voluntarily. □

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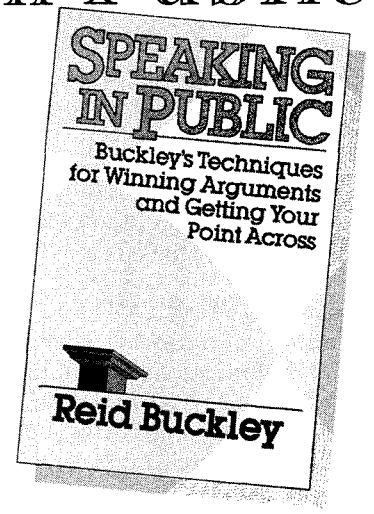

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

May 14, 1993

Dear Rusty,

I'm not sure how much news you get down there in Brazil on the Rio Kuelene, but whatever you've heard, don't believe it. Our first 100 days weren't that bad.

And I'm not being defensive. And neither is anyone else in this Administration. We're proud of our first 100 days. And for good reason. Besides, who cares about the first 100 days? It's just a stupid number.

I don't know what it is that we did, but for some reason, the press hates us. And I'll be totally honest with you, Rusty, I know it's not because of me. I mean, the media have always really liked me. Especially television. Tipper says it's because I come off so warm and avuncular, and I think maybe she's right.

Anyway, I was sitting in my office one morning, after scanning some of the bad news in the papers, just chewing the fat with Roy Neel—you probably remember Roy from my Senate office. You guys really hit it off, as I recall. You had come up from Brazil to lobby for a bigger budget, and the three of us went out to dinner, and I started talking about the history of the topsoil composition on my farm in Carthage, and I had just begun to describe the middle years, 1889 to 1935, when suddenly Roy had an idea. "Senator," he said, "you should be in Brazil." And then you agreed, and before I knew it, I was flying down to Rio in an Air Force cargo plane.

Roy's a smart guy. In fact, Roy was the one who came up with the title of my book, Earth in the Balance. I wanted to call it The Air above Us and the Dirt beneath Us: One Senator's Journey. But Roy can be persuasive.

There we were, sitting in my office, trying to figure out a way to untangle all these knots we've seemed to tie in the past 100 days. Roy seems to think it was all a matter of misplaced media relations. "They loved you before the election," he said, "and we've got to get some of that good feeling back."

"Right you are, Roy," I said. Then it hit me: "How about another bus trip?" Roy kind of looked at me the way Tipper does sometimes. "Okay, then," I said. "How about if we get a newscaster, somebody like Peter Jennings, to come and spend the day with me, follow me around, and watch me make the kinds of decisions that only a Vice President can make?"

Roy liked this idea: he's got a keen, media-savvy mind. "Mr. Vice President," he said, "that's a terrific idea. Best of all, it positions you very nicely for you-know-when." That's Roy—always thinking about eight years from now.

He said he was going to set it up, and I hustled over to the Oval Office to tell Bill I had the media-relations problem licked. I was pretty excited: for the first time in a long while, I felt that we were turning a corner.

I walked into the Oval Office. "Mr. President," I said, "I think I've got the media-relations problem licked!"

Bill was just saying goodbye to AP reporter Karen Ball. They had just wrapped up an interview. I guess Bill had come to the same conclusion I had: this Administration has got to do a better job of communicating. I quickly filled Bill in on the plan Roy and I came up with. He loved it. "Who's going to follow you around? Somebody like Katie Couric?"

"No," I said, "I was thinking more along the lines of—"

"How about Paula Zahn?"

I thought it over. "Maybe," I said.

"You know who'd be great at this?"

"Who?"

"That Kathy Lee gal."

I called Roy with the President's suggestions, and a few minutes later he called back and said that Katie Couric was a go. And then a really ironic thing happened. Bill decided that Mack McClarty needed a little help in the chief of staff's office, and asked Roy to be Mack's deputy over there. Naturally, Roy was pretty crushed to be leaving me, but as he was picking out fabric swatches and paint chips for his new office, I told him that he had to go, that you couldn't refuse the President of the United States, and that seemed to make him feel better.

It was a little awkward, though. Because Roy was now working for Bill, he felt that instead of spending a day with me, it might be more interesting for a reporter to spend the day with Bill. I didn't really get the logic, but since I was busy trying to find a new chief of staff, I went along. As it turned out, it wasn't Katie Couric at all, but Tom Brokaw who spent the day with Bill.

I still think it would be interesting for a reporter to follow me around all day. Roy could probably set up something like that again. Actually, I've got a call in to him right now. As soon as he gets out of that meeting and calls me back, I'll ask him.

That's all the news from here, Rusty.

Awaiting your reply, Al

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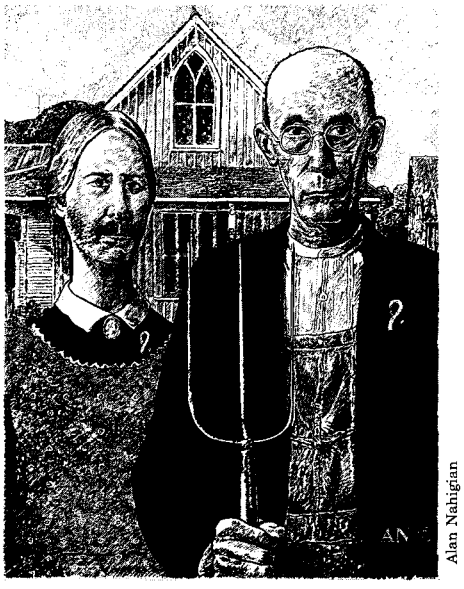
The Homosexual Millennium: Is It Here? Is It Approaching?

RICHARD GRENIER

"It is New Year's Eve, December 31, 1999. The century is ending, but the millennium has arrived. That is, the homosexual millennium has arrived. Oh, there were dark and bloody times. The Queer Wars racked the country, American cities were soaked in blood, Pat Buchanan was assassinated. But thanks to Act-Up, Queer Nation, the Lesbian Avengers, the Gay and Lesbian Alliance, the Sexual Minority Youth Guidance Center, NOW, the ACLU, the NAACP, CORE, the AFL-CIO, the Urban League, the Supreme Court, Jesse Jackson, Rosa Parks, and the series of Marches on Washington, an idyllic peace now reigns in the land, with homosexuals sitting at the right hand of whomever one is supposed to sit at the right hand of. The cure for AIDS was found long ago but kept hidden by Phyllis Schlafly, Bill Dannemeyer, and Louis Sullivan. But most of those people are in prison now, and in any event the great pestilence is over. Siskel and Ebert are out of the closet. Amy Carter is living in lesbian bliss with Cher's daughter Chastity. Hollywood is remaking the Barbra Streisand–Robert Redford The Way We Were *with Barbra's son Jason in love with Tom Cruise. Homosexuals can marry now and have fashionable wedding ceremonies in which friends and family unite joyfully. Able to live in happy domestic relationships with the full respect of the community, they seem to have given up their compulsive sexual promiscuity and settled down as ordinary couples just like anybody else. Everything is open to them. They love each other and everybody else. Happy twenty-first century!"*



Alan Nahigian

THIS, AT LEAST, is the slightly fanciful dream of the future—partly quoted, partly paraphrased—from *The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me*, an entertaining monologue written by David Drake and wittily performed by Erick Paeper to packed houses in Greenwich Village. Earlier passages of the monologue are realistically descriptive of the homosexual life, some passages rather somber. But as it happens there is substantial reason for satisfaction in the homosexual world these days. Another Gay and Lesbian March on Washington has been held. President Clinton has received a delegation of gay and lesbian activists at the White House—a first. The Hawaiian State Supreme Court has legitimized gay marriage. Despite opposition, Mr. Clinton has reaffirmed his intention to lift the ban on gays in the military. And the AIDS epidemic receives voluminous, daily attention in all branches of the media and almost obsessive attention from Hollywood stars at award ceremonies.

Actually, whether there is a truly national AIDS epidemic under way has just been sharply questioned. A detailed study published in February by a committee of the National Research Council has suggested that AIDS is not a threat to the general population at all, being confined to only 25 to 30 clearly delineated neighborhoods around the country. There is a genuine AIDS epidemic, however, in the arts and entertainment industry, where homosexuals and AIDS sufferers have become (as used to be said of the women's movement) "the latest thing in Negroes." In the last few months, major U.S. publishing houses have put out at least 19 novels about AIDS and homosexuals. Although compared, by the *New York Times*, with works of art about the Holocaust—attesting to "the human imagination's capacity to confront and ultimately redeem incalculable suffering"—these books are a dreary lot. We read again and again detailed accounts of the eccentricities of the "gay" life; there are hard-core sexual encounters, much heavy breathing, AIDS lesions, sometimes a stricken, lonely wife, death, all suffused with abundant pathos and appeals for compassion and understanding, and enlivened only by the occasional flash of camp humor. The best of the lot, in my view, is a British import, *Monopolies of Loss*, a collection of nine spare, stoic short stories by Adam Mars-Jones, in which AIDS is barely cited by name. None of these books has arrived anywhere near anyone's bestseller list, the books' style and content largely limiting the readership to homosexuals who want to read about themselves.

Kinsey's 10 per cent figure for the proportion of the population that is homosexual is by now discredited. The new study by the Battelle Human Affairs Research Center places exclusively homosexual males at 1.1 per cent, which might help to explain the modest book sales. Such a figure might also explain why U.S. mass-market show business has been distinctly reluctant to climb onto what might not in fact turn out to be a bandwagon. Commercial television, playing to its distracted, inattentive, free-entertainment audience, has made a few sallies into the field, but mainstream Hollywood has remained leery, so far having re-

Mr. Grenier's latest book is Capturing the Culture.

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leased only the modestly budgeted *Longtime Companion* a couple of years ago. The first major picture about AIDS and "homophobia" is in the offing, however. Jonathan Demme (*Silence of the Lambs*) has just finished shooting *Philadelphia*, in which a top-flight corporate lawyer (Tom Hanks) contracts AIDS, is dismissed from his law firm, and naturally sues. His lawyer (Denzel Washington of *Malcolm X*) is a homophobic black, but in the course of the movie they learn to love and understand each other. When the film opens in the fall, we'll see if the mass movie audience learns to share this love and understanding.

So where is this audience when you need it? The answer is: on Broadway. Over the last year, New York has had a half-dozen major AIDS–homosexual theatrical productions. One of them, *Falsettos*, actually an opera with *Sprechgesang* instead of spoken dialogue, now running for over a year, is a genuine Broadway hit. Another, *Jeffrey*, playing at the large Minetta Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village, opened some months ago to standing ovations. And a third, *Angels in America: A Gay Fantasia on National Themes*, after a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, a Pulitzer Prize, and a Drama Critics Circle Award, has been hailed as the play that will "save Broadway."

The difference between the boom in homosexual theater and the boom in homosexual novels is that these big-time theatrical productions are intended for a heterosexual audience. This, as will be seen, can make a large difference. Because the theatrical productions are intended to appeal to a much bigger public, they have been sanitized to suit the tastes of a liberal, heterosexual audience. No heavy breathing.

WHICH RAISES the question: Just who are the legions of theatergoers that have made homosexual theater commercially viable? Here we come to a curious recognition. Starting after World War II, Jewish playwrights have succeeded on Broadway in large numbers, and at the same time Jews have come to dominate Broadway audiences. When I returned to America from Europe in 1977, and was required for professional reasons to see almost everything on Broadway, I was intrigued to find theater audiences that seemed overwhelmingly Jewish—a point perhaps more noticeable to the son of a Jewish mother. So I found it not especially surprising that, in a recent week of diligent theatergoing in New York, at the more commercially successful homosexual works, I got the impression that the audiences were something like 10 per cent homosexuals and 90 per cent heterosexual Jews—to all appearances well-to-do, liberal, husband-and-wife couples. We had some heterosexual Gentiles in the audiences, no doubt, but they appeared to be a distinct minority. During a preview of *Angels in America*, when one of the characters uttered an expletive in Yiddish, the house positively roared with laughter. (For the cognoscenti, the expletive was "Feh!" resembling "Yuck!" with a suggestion of "Who cares?")

This would be no more than a curious detail of the sociology of New York's cultural life if it were not for the particular historical relationship of Jews to homosexuality. Widely tolerated in their part of the world in Biblical times, homosexual intercourse was vehemently condemned by the God of the Israelites as an "abomination" (Leviticus 18:22, 20:13). And Orthodox Jews have continued to reject the activity to this day, producing a percentage of homosexuals in their own ranks very close to zero. But nowadays agnosticism and atheism are widespread in the Jewish community. Regular attendance at religious worship is far lower than for any other faith. Belief in God is far lower too. And the sexual strictures imposed by Judaism (as by Christianity) are consequently less felt. There has been, in fact, a startling Jewish reversal on homosexuality. In ancient times, Jewish condemnation was harshest. Now, from the mass of prosperous, agnostic Jews, it is faintest.

Many liberal Jews, furthermore—always sympathizers with penalized minorities, owing to their own historical experience of anti-Semitism—have fully accepted the parallel between discrimination based on race or religion and discrimination based on "sexual orientation." This parallel is reflected in the AIDS plays—indeed, it is more than reflected. To put it plainly, these plays are about Jews and Jewishness almost as much as they are about homosexuality.

The plays' authors are almost all Jewish. *Angels in America* is by Tony Kushner, *Jeffrey* by Paul Rudnick, and both music and lyrics to *Falsettos* are by William Finn. *The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me* is by the only Gentile, David Drake, but the title's Larry Kramer is Jewish and a real person, author of *The Normal Heart* and *The Destiny of Me*, two angry AIDS–homosexual plays of 1985 and 1992, respectively. (Barbra Streisand is currently planning a movie version of *The Normal Heart*.) In all of these plays a homosexual, usually the Jewish protagonist's Gentile lover, dies of AIDS. This is a fixture of these homosexual works, novels as well as plays. In *The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me* the deaths of many AIDS victims are evoked, and rather grimly.

In most of the other plays, intended for a larger audience, although we feel a fleeting sadness when the beloved AIDS victim dies, there is often something sweet about it, too, like the passing of a moonbeam. This vaguely recalls Hollywood films of a generation ago when, audiences being assumed to be too depressed by details of specific mortal ailments, characters were said to die of "the movie disease." AIDS on Broadway today has about it something of yesterday's "movie disease." In *Jeffrey*, homosexual love conquers all, and the title character, undeterred by the AIDS death of one of his best friends, undertakes as the curtain falls what appears to be the love affair of his life with a dashing young man who is HIV positive. At the end of *Falsettos*, Whizzer (Sean McDermott), the Gentile lover of the Jewish central character, suddenly materializes—a ghost, since he has already died of AIDS without bringing an inordinate amount of pain or inconvenience upon himself or anyone else. Marvin (Mandy Patinkin), the central character, along with Whizzer, sings bravely that he'd do it all over again.

And, indeed, since he has not contracted AIDS from Whizzer (the subject is not even raised), nor passed it along to his wife or child (this subject isn't raised either), one could argue that Marvin has not paid a very heavy price for having sexual relations with a man dying from AIDS. If it's only the other fellow who dies and you and your family are all right, why *not* do it all over again? *Falsettos* has been praised by at least one New York theater

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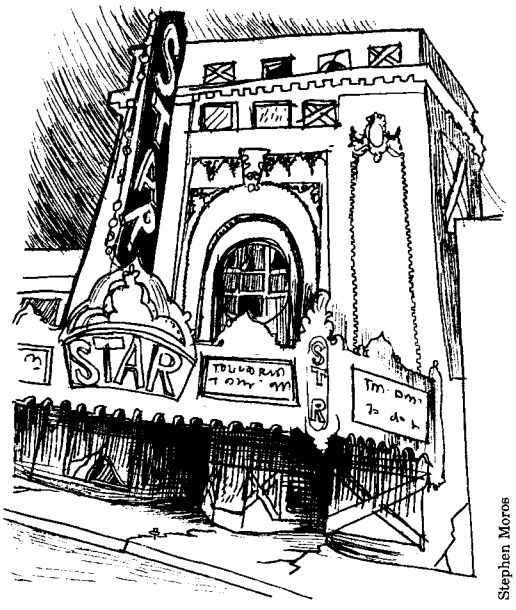
critic as being very strong on "family values," much deeper and more sincere than the family values of Dan Quayle. Marvin, as a showcase example, heroically sings, "I want it all."

The AIDS pestilence is kept at a discreet distance and left as something of a soft abstraction, referred to in an aria only as "Something Bad Is Happening." Marvin and Whizzer, getting the bad news, sing almost nonchalantly, "You Gotta Die Sometime." Marvin's 13-year-old son Jason comes in for a good bit of attention. Whizzer helps him with his Little League baseball. It's all just your typical, warm Jewish family. One of the "lesbians from next door," who caters Jason's Bar Mitzvah party in a hospital room where the dying Whizzer is wryly humorous, sings, "I'm up to my a-- in a kosher morass." We have one of the most successful musical numbers, the ironic "Miracle of Judaism," followed by another ironic musical number, "Another Miracle of Judaism." From the production's opening number, "Four Jews in a Room Bitching," through the last act—fully half of which is devoted to preparations for and the final culmination of young Jason's Bar Mitzvah—*Falsettos* is Jewish, Jewish, Jewish.

It's also agnostic, agnostic, agnostic. At one of its highest and happiest points the production bursts into, "Days like This I Almost Believe in God." Which is to say, specifically, that these people do not believe in God. And one wonders how much meaning Jason's Bar Mitzvah can have for them. Whether or not the Bar Mitzvah should take place is much debated in Act II, with Jason, delightfully undecided, swinging first one way and then the other. Bar Mitzvah wins. For thousands of years, Jews have been chanting the watchword of Israel, the *Shema* ("Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One"). But now this generation of Jews appears, who, while reminding you of their Jewishness, don't believe in God at all. They only believe in having a warm Jewish family life with Mommy, Daddy, Mommy's psychiatrist, Daddy's homosexual lover helping junior at Little League baseball, and kosher food catered by the Jewish lesbians next door. In all fairness, I enjoyed the excellent cast, good singing, good music, and entertaining performances. *Falsettos* is in fact a romantic comedy, a comic opera on modern Jewish themes with one AIDS death for color. And a certified hit.



Stephen Moros

I WOULD NOT dare be so flippant about Tony Kushner's seven-hour *Angels in America*. The first half of *Angels* is the three-hour-and-forty-minute *Millennium Approaches*. The second half is entitled *Perestroika* and, given events in the former Soviet Union, it is not surprising that the author, who lists as his religion "dialectical materialism," was at last account rewriting frantically. Tony Kushner is grandly confident, seeming to think of himself as a universal thinker, a homosexual Jewish Tolstoy, as it were, with deep insight into politics, religion, history, sexuality, and Jewishness. He quails at nothing, or almost nothing. None of *Falsettos*' timid pandering to the bourgeois public and avoiding the ugliness of life for Tony Kushner. Told by an interviewer that he was being called upon to "save Broadway," Kushner said firmly that he would not save Broadway, because Broadway was not worth saving. "Most of the stuff on Broadway is garbage," he said. "*Phantom of the Opera* is one of the most diseased events I've ever seen on stage."

Kushner's only earlier venture to reach the stage was *A Bright Room Called Day*, a study of Weimar Germany and the advent of the Nazis. A big hit in San Francisco, it played to uniformly insulting reviews in New York and was laughed out of Joe Papp's Public Theatre. Undeterred, and stimulated by a corrosive article on Roy Cohn he read in *The Nation*, Kushner conceived of the notion of doing the life of Cohn as a play. San Francisco's Eureka Theatre, with Kushner as company playwright and his Roy Cohn work-in-progress as its principal asset, received a $57,000 grant from Frank Hodsoll's National Endowment for the Arts. It was an interesting example of a Reagan appointee giving financial support to an artistic work that actively loathes Ronald Reagan.

Tony Kushner comes from the sort of progressive family that considered Julius and Ethel Rosenberg saints and martyrs. Once upon a time people like this stood out conspicuously in America, but with the progressive radicalization of our artistic and intellectual life under New Left leadership during the 1960s, such an attitude is hardly distinctive any more, and certainly not in show business. Kushner, now 36, has hated Roy Cohn all his life and admits to feeling a surge of gratification when he read that Cohn had died of AIDS. Since I was doubtless one of very few audience members who actually knew Cohn, I must say that the character I saw on stage—cynical, unprincipled, very Jewish, and very loud—bore little resemblance to the Roy Cohn I knew. Actor Ron Leibman, who plays Cohn, says he thinks of him as being much like Shakespeare's Richard III. And Tony Kushner calls him "one of the worst people who ever lived." But the playwright is not given to moderation in expression. He says Ronald Reagan will go down in history as a "tremendously evil" man, who ran a "closet-fascist government." George Bush is a "villain of the first order" who, in order to raise his ratings in the polls, "wouldn't stop at murder."

Since its West Coast kick-off, *Angels in America* has had something of an organic career, constantly growing and changing. Some five years ago, Kushner and the Eureka company were already working on Parts I and II. Moving to the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, the play underwent extensive development, the separate parts being done on alternate nights and occasionally both parts together in all-day marathons. After a "world premiere" in San Francisco, *Millennium Approaches* was finally selected to play in London, where it had a highly successful one-year run at the National Theatre. Back in Los Angeles

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last November, after many years of "growth," both halves of the play were again done in alternation, but only the first half, *Millennium Approaches*—the portion now being performed in New York—was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. This is most curious, as *Millennium Approaches* is not at all a separate play. It doesn't end with a few loose ends: *every* end is loose. Presumably the Pulitzer jury did not think as much of *Perestroika*, which is once again undergoing "development."

Indeed, Mr. Kushner may be a man of some gifts, but one of them is not succinctness. When he began working on *Millennium Approaches* he gained some 35 pounds, and when his plays are in "development" they undergo something of the same process. He leaves everything in, and they grow bigger and bigger. *Millennium Approaches* begins with a prologue by a rabbi who complains, at length, that American Jews are losing their cultural identity. (The rabbi, like some other prominent male characters in the play, is performed by a woman, probably a sop to feminists but an absolutely disastrous idea.) We meet the play's central character, Lou, who is a Jew, and his Gentile friend, Prior Walter, who has just come down with AIDS and immediately shows us the first skin lesion. They ruminate about this morbidly, also at length. We have already encountered Roy Cohn, who, although played by the most distinguished actor in the cast, seems over the years of "development" to have biologically mutated into really not much more than a supporting role, a sideshow monster.

Aside from the Lou–Walter–AIDS story, most of the play is the Joe Pitt story. Joe is a Mormon, a chief law clerk, a strong Reagan supporter, and a repressed homosexual. I had expected the play to contain a fair amount of anti-Reagan polemic, but the evil of Ronald Reagan is more or less simply assumed, and its principal didactic thrust—if such a rambling, garrulous, incoherent, inchoate play can be said to have a "thrust"—seems to be that Mormon Joe Pitt would really be better off, as would Jewish Roy Cohn, if the two openly confessed their homosexuality. Jewish Lou makes a mission of convincing Mormon Joe—both religious outsiders, you see—of the desirability of coming out of the closet. Mormon Joe has a wife, and with the stunning lack of feeling for women that is a hallmark of these plays, she spends an unconscionable amount of time hallucinating, very boringly, that she is floating above the earth somewhere in the ozone layer or visiting Antarctica. I suppose she is psychotic because her husband is a repressed homosexual, or perhaps because he is a Republican.

Enter, at last—some time in the fourth hour of *Millennium Approaches*—the ghost of Ethel Rosenberg. The reader will not be surprised to hear that reflective, grave, thoughtful Ethel Rosenberg is as nice as Roy Cohn is obnoxious. Now no less a historical personage than Josef Stalin expressed his gratitude for the Rosenbergs' help to the Soviet Union (this according to the memoirs of Nikita Khrushchev). But playwright Kushner either doesn't know this or thinks the Rosenbergs' actions idealistic—principled treason in recent years having become rather fashionable. It falls to Ethel Rosenberg to cry out near the end of Part I: "History is about to crack wide open! The millennium approaches!" Since Mrs. Rosenberg's prophecies of a world Communist paradise didn't exactly pan out, it's hard to see why we should place much stock in her prophecy of a still further millennium. And what kind of a millennium is she talking about? Just before the final blackout, an actress dressed as an angel is lowered from the flies and cries out: "The great work begins! The messenger has arrived!"

And that's it. We see no millennium, no great work beginning. Roy Cohn is dying, but not dead yet. Prior Walter is having visions, but it's not clear whether he's dead or not. Joe's wife is still hallucinating that she's in Antarctica. Joe's Mormon mother has just arrived from Salt Lake City and is wandering about, looking for the Mormon Center on West 65th Street in Manhattan. Joe himself and Lou seem headed for a bed somewhere but haven't got there. We've had buggery vigorously simulated on stage, a black drag queen, a broken condom, heard the "f" word at least once every sixty seconds, listened to endless, rambling talk of homosexuality, race, Jewishness. And where are we left? One of Lou's lines of dialogue, despite the play's title, is, "There are no angels in America!" But perhaps we'll get the angels in Part II, *Perestroika*—the Russian word for Mikhail Gorbachev's brave attempt to re-

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structure and save the Communist system. He was not very successful, but perhaps Tony Kushner has a better plan to restructure and save the American system. His homosexual millennium would presumably be some kind of politico-sexual paradise without restraints of any sort, utterly secular, and without sin. But it's hard to imagine what could really satisfy Tony Kushner as, of all these AIDS–homosexual plays, *Angels in America: Millennium Approaches* is both the most bombastic and the most hollow.

THE MILLENNIUM Mr. Kushner desires, after all, is not a Jewish one, nor, despite the trappings of religion (angels, Ethel Rosenberg as a martyred saint), a religious one of any kind. It is a secular millennium from which even many secular-minded people might reasonably shrink. And the rise of a homosexual culture, of which it is the envisioned triumph, is connected to Jews and Judaism by only the most paradoxical link. Jews are likely be attracted to the secular millennium insofar as they have become alienated from their own traditional beliefs and so have come to define salvation in secular terms. For the simple sociological fact is that agnostic Jews, as both intellectual leaders and followers, have become a paradigm of the thoroughly secularized world, with its repudiation of moral prohibitions as expressed by the great Western religions, Christianity as well as Judaism. Other American religious groups, however, notably mainline WASPs, are catching up, and in Western Europe whole nations have apparently reached the destination of post-religious society.

In a world with God, there are explanations or at least comforts for suffering. In a world without God, however, suffering must be either meaningless or caused by some malign agency. Since it would be intolerable to believe the the suffering caused by AIDS is meaningless, the temptation to blame someone else becomes impossible to resist. And, indeed, what these plays have in common is a fervid desire for compassion, and an equally fervid desire to evade responsibility, to blame someone else for the medical situation of AIDS victims, as if it were all the result of a plot by the Reagan Administration, or at least of public hard-heartedness. Individual sufferers have faced death from AIDS bravely—Arthur Ashe comes to mind—but the cultural response to AIDS has overwhelmingly been one of grievance and complaint.

The whole AIDS cult, in fact, invites comparison with the way society responded to the ferocious syphilis plague, which, although almost forgotten now, raged virtually until World War II. As with AIDS, the disease inspired great horror, for, before penicillin, there was no cure. It could attack any part or system of the body—bones, heart, throat, skin, blood vessels, the nervous system, the brain. Terrifyingly, it could be transmitted from mother to child. Saint Bartholomew's Hospital in London reported that rarely were fewer than three-quarters of its patients syphilitic, and by mid nineteenth century the disease had in its grip an estimated one-third of the entire population of Paris. The disease inspired a terror of madness and death far beyond even the present agitation about AIDS. But most striking in comparison with AIDS was the difference in tone of the social response. There was a kind of gallows humor about the thing, for bravery was the way men—and above all aristocrats, military officers, and society's elite, including its artistic elite—were supposed to face danger of all sorts, whether from dueling, war, gambling, or the pox. Erasmus, of all people, wrote that a nobleman who had not had the pox was not truly noble but a man without honor. Thousands of the most famous names in literature, painting, and politics were syphilitic, and when Guy de Maupassant got it he wrote to a friend with some bravado, "At last, the pox! The same pox as Francis I! How proud I am, and how I scorn these little bourgeois! No miserable little bourgeois crabs or clap for me, but the real thing, the pox!"

Of course not all of these gallants were believers. But they lived in an age and culture suffused by faith and, in particular, by the religious truth—expressed in countless works of art—that, however terrible the sufferings of this world, while there's death, there's hope. □

Dead But Not Forgotten

HUGH LLOYD-JONES

BERNARD KNOX was born in England, matriculated at Cambridge in 1933 and started reading for the Classical Tripos, but dropped out in order to fight in the Spanish Civil War with the International Brigade. Seriously wounded in the defense of Madrid, he returned to England, cured of any sympathy with Communism by his contact with some of its believers. Married to the gifted American novelist Bianca Vanorden, he emigrated to the United States, and greatly distinguished himself in the U.S. Army during the Second World War. After the war he obtained his doctorate at Yale, and taught there until, in 1961, he became the first director of the Center of Hellenic Studies in Washington, D.C.

The Oldest Dead White European Males, by Bernard Knox (Norton, 144 pp., $15.95)

With his command of European languages Knox was the ideal choice for this post, and he and his wife play a notable part in the intellectual society of the capital. The writer of the dust-jacket copy credits him with "immense learning"; but it is above all the combination of fine scholarship with the experience of an active life that has made him the most effective interpreter of Greek culture for the intelligent American general reader.

In *The Oldest Dead White European Males* he has put together three lec-

Mr. Lloyd-Jones was Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford from 1960 to 1989. His latest book is Greek in a Cold Climate *(Barnes & Noble).*

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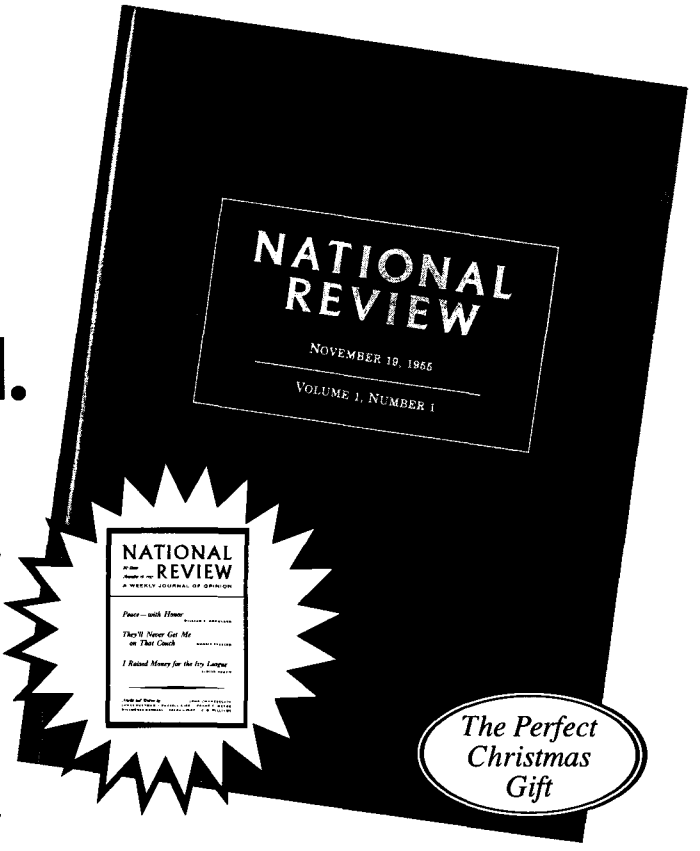
And Bill Buckley Said "Let There Be Right." And There Was Right. And The Right Was Good.



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tures given during the last few years, with the purpose, as he explains in the introduction, of countering the denigration of Greek culture by the advocates of "multiculturalism." That vaguely used term has been defined by the perceptive foreign correspondent of an English paper, Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, as meaning the attempt to break up the United States into groups marked off by their different ethnic origins or sexual orientation; it comes oddly from the lips of people who profess interest in African culture but make no effort to study Africa with its many cultures and its many languages. Knox observes that if other cultures are to claim a right to be studied as intensively as that of Greece has been studied, they will have to be shown to deserve that right by reason of their quality.

Militant feminists now reproach the Greeks for their subjection of women, while liberals have reproached them for their acquiescence in the institution of slavery, and Afrocentrists childishly try to steal the credit for their achievements by inventing false history. Knox says nothing about institutional homosexuals, from the embraces of some of whom the Greeks need to be rescued.

In the first lecture Knox explains how the nineteenth-century impulse to idealize the Greeks has been corrected by the modern realistic approach, employing the methods of anthropology and sociology. He points out that the modern preoccupation with the wrongs done to slaves and women has fairly recent origins, and that the Greeks in their literature were indeed the first to show concern about the injustice done to both.

Most important is the second lecture, given in 1981, in which he starts by remarking that the humane studies, of which the study of antiquity forms a part, are now under attack from various quarters. He points out that these studies came into being in order to enable the citizens of a democracy to debate with the full resources of intelligence the questions that their kind of government has to decide, and that if the exercise of critical intelligence which these studies foster is allowed to decline, the prospects for democracy are poor.

Knox rightly defends the teachers of the humanities in fifth-century Greece, usually described by the often pejorative term "sophists," against the denigration of them perpetrated by Plato with all the resources of his consummate literary skill. When I was studying classics at Oxford just after the war, Sir Karl Popper, a refugee from Nazi persecution, published his memorable book *The Open Society and Its Enemies*, in which the first and foremost of the enemies was Plato. At that time Popper was told by Lord Lindsay of Birker, the Socialist master of Balliol College, that people in Oxford took no interest in his book; but for me and for some of the ablest of my contemporaries, reading Popper's work was the beginning of the most interesting discussions in our time as students. Plato believed that he had attained absolute and certain knowledge which gave him the right to silence critical discussion that might lead to opposition. Plato, as Popper showed, is in this sense the ancestor of Marx; he is also the ancestor of the "political correctness" movement, compounded as it is of rotting Marxism and the priggish moralizing attitude which results from Puritanism gone sour, and through which, now that Communism has collapsed, the authoritarian theorizers of the campus are tyrannizing over universities in this country, and inflicting grievous damage in the process.

In his first lecture Knox, flogging a horse that is now almost dead but which needs killing ten times over, attacks an absurd excess of the anthropological approach: the pedantic theory of the late Bruno Snell that saw the Greeks as though they were primitive savages and treated the first occurrence of every word and every concept as the record of a new discovery. In my book *The Justice of Zeus* (1971) I attacked that theory, being concerned to point out that what above all helped the Greeks to lay the foundations of rational discussion that made modern science and modern civilization possible was the possession of a religion that aimed to show this world as it is and not to call into existence another world to account for its deficiencies. And now one of the most distinguished living philosophers, Bernard Williams, in his splendid book *Shame and Necessity*, less interested in religion but employing philosophical skills which I do not possess, has argued that modern thinkers about ethical matters have much to learn from the Greeks, not so much from their philosophy as from their literature earlier than Plato. Like Nietzsche, Williams singles out the tragic poet Sophocles and the historian Thucydides for special praise for their enlightened realism.

The last lecture is the weakest; Knox writes eloquently about the remarkable cultural and linguistic continuity between ancient and modern Greece. But he does not face up to the problem that confronts Greeks who wish to be at once heirs of the ancient Greeks and heirs of the Christian culture of the eastern division of the Roman Empire. In consequence of this and of an understandable desire to please, he exaggerates the likeness between the culture of the ancient and the modern Greeks.

The lectures are composed with all Knox's great literary skill, and he contrives to tell his readers a great deal about Greek culture in a short space. I have a few minor grouses. Knox quotes indulgently at least one feminist scholar whose work is better forgotten; and he thrice misspells the title of one of Aristotle's most famous works. It is especially a pity to hear this widely cultured scholar overpraise in America the praiseworthy French school of academics influenced by structural anthropology, because its American imitators are successfully marketing a product that reminds one of French wine with a liberal admixture of Pepsi-Cola. □

Paper Boy

RICHARD BROOKHISER

RUPERT MURDOCH and I came to New York at the same time, and there to greet us was the Son of Sam. One of my sharpest memories of the fag-end of the summer of 1977 is of waiting for the Lexington Avenue local in the steaming evening rush hour. Abe Beame was still mayor, the subway platforms were mosaics of black gumwads, the

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subway cars were swirls of psychotic graffiti. A fellow New Yorker held a copy of the newly Murdochized *New York Post*, reporting that David Berkowitz, the woman-stalking serial killer, had just been apprehended. The headline was about a foot tall, the letters were blood red: CAUGHT.

Rupert Murdoch's holdings cover the globe and reach (via satellite) into space, and he owns a Hollywood studio and a TV network. But I will always think of him as a newspaperman. William Shawcross's *Murdoch* never quite explains its subject's significance, chiefly because—*pace* both Shawcross and Murdoch—his significance is ambiguous, but it does a fine job of laying out the story up to this point.

Murdoch's grandfathers, a Scottish minister and an Irish gambler, prefigured his character. His father, who wrote a lurid and exaggerated dispatch on the Gallipoli debacle, supplied his profession. Murdoch developed his lifelong hatred of elitist attitudes at Oxford where, as a student, he expressed his disdain by driving his own sports car and by keeping a bust of Lenin on his mantel. From his first newspaper, in sleepy Adelaide, he moved to the fleshpots of Sydney. At the end of the Sixties, he arrived on Fleet Street by buying the *News of the World* (a/k/a "News of the Screws") and the *Sun*. As the years passed, he acquired properties with a boyish heedlessness: American newspapers and television stations, the *Times* of London, 20th Century Fox, *TV Guide*. "Maybe I was a bad buyer," Murdoch acknowledged after one megadeal. "I should have beaten him down a few hundred million." The spree stopped in 1990 when it turned out that the News Corporation, Murdoch's monster holding company, had run up a debt the size of Ecuador's. But the banks—and Murdoch's own lifelong record of straight dealing with his bankers—saved him for further sallies.

Murdoch, by William Shawcross (Simon & Schuster, 492 pp., $27.50)

Along the way, he employed a cast of characters out of *The Front Page*, via the *Rake's Progress*: Steve Chao, a Harvard-trained classicist who created *Studs* and kept a pile of fake excrement on his desk; Steve Dunleavy, who told a limousine coming to take preacher's bimbo Jessica Hahn to the *Geraldo* show that Miss Hahn had gone to the hospital, and who then summoned an ambulance in which he interviewed her himself; Maxwell Newton, Clare fellow, densely learned economist, pornographer, and brothel-keeper, at whose funeral his third wife slipped his platinum American Express card into his pocket, "just in case." For two decades there hovered at the margins of Murdoch's career the figure of envious rival Robert Maxwell, liar, thief, and author of *Todor Zhivkov: Statesman and Builder of Modern Bulgaria*.

What has it all meant? Shawcross describes Murdoch as an "agent of influence" in the spread of American culture, and Murdoch himself agrees. "As the world is modernizing, so it is Americanizing," he has declared, and as a player in the information revolution, he sees himself as furthering this process. Murdoch's view is true, however, only if America means modernity, and that is not all that it means, or has meant. So long as even the ghosts of the rights of man and the fear of God continue to linger here, the essence of America cannot be entirely exported by *Home Alone* and *The Simpsons*.

In the English-speaking world, his effect has been more definite. Abandoning his youthful leftism, he became a convert to the Reagan–Thatcher revolutions, for which key papers here and in Britain beat the drums. But how does one reconcile this, and Murdoch's own strong sense of propriety, with the vulgarity of these same papers? What do the bare-breasted cuties on Page Three of the *Sun* have to do with what Mrs. Thatcher called the "Victorian virtues"?

George Orwell pondered a similar question fifty years ago when he wrote about the comic postcards of Donald McGill, of which the "outstanding, all important feature" was "their obscenity. It is by this that everyone remembers them, and it is also central to their purpose." Yet when Orwell examined McGill's postcards more

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Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *senior editor, is a columnist for the* New York Observer.

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closely, he concluded that their humor had meaning only "in relation to a fairly strict moral code. Whereas in papers like *Esquire* . . . the imaginary background of the jokes is always promiscuity, the utter breakdown of all standards, the background of the McGill postcard is marriage." The Page Three girls aren't Madonna; they also aren't K. D. Lang. Now that the cultural coverage of the *New York Times* has essentially made it *The Advocate* with foreign news and stock prices, one appreciates the difference.

Rupert Murdoch has returned to the *New York Post*, after being forced to sell it in 1988. Here's hoping he breaks some china. □

FILM

Shakespeare without Tears

JOHN SIMON

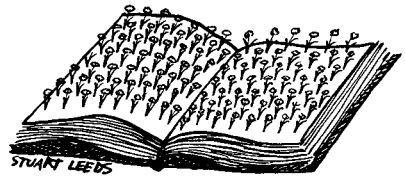
KENNETH BRANAGH'S film adaptation of Shakespeare's ***Much Ado about Nothing*** raises some interesting and important questions that go beyond the specifics of this enterprise. Thus it seems to me that no matter what they do, American actors will never equal British ones in Shakespeare, at the very least because they have not the right language. British English has a melody; American English has not. More precisely, British English is like classical music; American English is like a marching band.

I am, of course, aware that Shakespeare's own English sounded more or less like that still spoken in parts of West Virginia, and not at all like the "high" English my generation associates with Oxford, the Old Vic, and the BBC. No matter: once you have gone forward with linguistic evolution, there is no turning back—at least no turning back with impunity.

At the risk of incurring another reprimand from Bill Buckley, I permit myself a further musical analogy: Beethoven may have composed for the old fortepiano, because that is what was around. But in his innermost ear, where he wasn't deaf, he heard a more evolved sound, that of the great pianofortes to come: the Bechsteins, Bösendorfers, Steinways, and the rest. That is the piano music for today, and what the great composer, ahead of his time, must have heard in his mind's ear. I like to think that Shakespeare's ear was a similar time-traveler; in any case, after hearing Gielgud, Olivier, Redgrave, and Richardson, who would go looking for Shakespeare in Appalachia?

In this *Much Ado*, we have along with the British actors four from the United States and Canada, who labor under a further disadvantage. There is such a thing as Shakespearean training, such as very few American actors get at all, and even fewer with anything resembling adequacy. This is chiefly a problem on the stage, where diction cannot be electronically augmented, or sounds funny if it is. But even the best cinematic sound cannot get around the leveling of American accents, a flatness harder to climb over than the Himalayas.

Robert Sean Leonard, as Claudio, comes off best, which is to say not very well rather than embarrassingly. The beanpole-ish, coltish actor (remembered especially for the wretched *Dead Poets Society*), has an undeniable boyish charm and a nice General American speech. He is a sincere and earnest actor but lacks the ultimate inspiration, the difference between a *routinier* and a pathfinder, a solid workhorse and a star. I always find myself sympathizing with his effort rather than thrilling to his achievement.



The Canadian actor Keanu Reeves plays Don John, usually designated as the Prince of Aragon's bastard brother, but here called his "half brother," as a stock, bearded villain, undistinguished by verve, flamboyance, or mere individuality. His heavy-lidded eyes are usually at the same aperture as the mouth of a child being force-fed spinach, and he snarls his way listlessly through his lines. At that, he is better than Michael Keaton, who manages to play Dogberry, one of the funnier parts in the Shakespeare canon, as a very tight cannon. There is no comic looseness here; instead, Keaton steps into his part as into someone's discarded wad of chewing gum. You cannot play Dogberry's pomposity condescendingly from the outside; Dogberry does not perceive himself as a pompous fellow, he merely is one.

As Branagh has instructed his designers, the period could be anywhere between 1700 and 1900, but the locale is not a never-neverland. His *Much Ado* is a weekend-long country-house party in the most magnificent of Renaissance houses. It is the fifteenth-century Villa Vignamaggio, the Gherardini family's Tuscan pleasure dome at Greve. To transfer the play from the now industrialized Messina to this nook in mid-Chianti country was a neat idea—especially when you consider the production designer's addenda. Tim Harvey has added to the villa of Mona Lisa's parents a small private chapel, incremental formal gardens, and the quattrocento's answer to a Bel Air swimming pool, an Etruscan-style open-air bathhouse. Still, it all manages to look authentic, which is where the trouble comes in: What is Denzel Washington, a black Prince of Aragon, doing in such a persuasive period setting?

A black prince, whose name isn't even Edward, and who has a white bastard (or half) brother? Let me get this straight: The Moors were never driven out of Spain. In fact, the African-Aragonians ruled enlightenedly over the Iberian peninsula, and only when they, occasionally, wanted to make whoopee with members of the lowly white minority did this produce such amazingly pure-white bastards as Keanu Reeves—I mean, Don John.

Washington is a fine actor in the right part—consider his searing Malcolm X. But he has no Shakespearean training, as he painfully demonstrated in the title part of the New York Shakespeare Festival's hapless *Richard III*. Moreover, his idea of sounding genteel makes him talk with a kind of fake finishing-school accent; he is also too young for the part and lacks royal bearing. Furthermore, a black actor presents a technical problem in a nocturnal

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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torch-lit scene. If you light the scene so that it really looks like torchlight, a black face merges with the ambient dark. To watch a white actor talking to a uniform from which no head protrudes reminds one of Archibald MacLeish's *Fall of the City*, wherein an empty suit of armor on horseback conquers a cowardly town.

Though the American contingent was obviously brought in with an eye on the box office, the result, I repeat, is that the humblest Briton outshines the most stellar Yankee. Thus Hero, played by a mere Oxford student on temporary leave—the enormously personable and spirited Kate Beckinsale—totally overshadows her Claudio, even though he is the best of the Americans. It makes you wonder why she would be so upset to be ditched by such an insignificant popinjay, an obvious upstart trying to marry above his station.

The married couple Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson do very well by Benedick and Beatrice. Helped considerably by being able to play their scenes in the proper al fresco environment, where certain kinds of ambushes and eavesdroppings look more plausible and picturesque, these merrily sparring lovers have themselves—to use a suitably rustic trope—a field day. Miss Thompson may be a shade too mannered even for the madcap Beatrice, and Branagh a tad too earthbound for the fantastical Benedick, yet even this has its uses: it makes their coupling more promising than the mere gravitation of like to like.

The best acting, however, is to be found among the supporting players. Those often dullish greybeards, the brothers Leonato and Antonio, come to scrumptious life in the hands of Richard Briers and Brian Blessed. They are so good that you wish the play were about them, or that they set up forthwith as a satirical comedy team under the name Blessed Briars. Imelda Staunton is a disadvantaged Margaret; a good but homely actress, she could not, even on the darkest of nights, be mistaken at the window for the exquisite Hero. On the other hand, Phyllida Law, Emma Thompson's real-life mother, is almost too well-spoken and aristocratic for Ursula.

What the movie confirms is Branagh's directorial talent. The actor-director describes his way with Shakespeare as "that sort of blood-and-guts, high-octane approach," which he convincingly exhibited in his *Henry V*. Here he applies the high octane to high comedy with similarly fueling results. But he is good with the more introspective passages, too, notably the grand Beatrice-and-Benedick scene (IV, i), which in the play takes place at the very church where Claudio repudiates Hero. Branagh transposes it to that chaste, little chapel he had especially built, where it takes on a bittersweet intimacy: this is the Chapel Perilous where the knight is tested to the utmost by his lady.

Consider also the clever beginning. In white letters on a black screen, we gradually get the text of the song we'll later hear sung to Patrick Doyle's fetching music, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more." Here the unfurling text is accompanied by the offscreen voice of Beatrice reciting it as a motto for the entire play. The audience is invited to mentally recite along, and thus is promptly transplanted into a Renaissance whirligig, ready for a romantic rigadoon. Equally enchanting is the first view of the Aragonese cavalry arriving behind the film's titles. A telephoto shot in slow motion, it introduces the male principals slowly bobbing up and down on their mounts, and clearly spoiling for livelier mountings.

Branagh has cut and transposed much of the play, making for less ado and more nothing. But that's what you get when you compress the locale and time frame and cater to a youth culture impatient with too many fine points, too much poetry. On the other hand, the authentic locale, the extensive outdoor shooting, the long hot country weekend help make some things more credible. "People fall in love through this fury of summer madness," Branagh has said, and he has pretty much conveyed it. But how much he has forfeited. By making Don Pedro a young man, for instance, he loses the ruefulness of the older man's Cyranoesque wooing of Hero. By speeding things up, he minimizes Claudio's act of Christian contrition. But he does give us a rollickingly extroverted *Much Ado*, quickly converting its sounds of woe into hey nonny, nonny.

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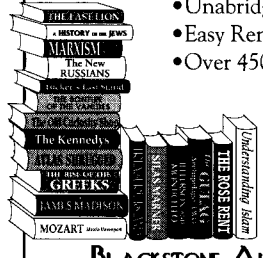

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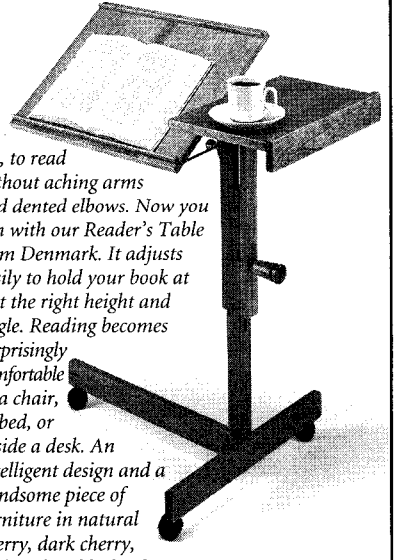

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Guerre sans nom (*The Undeclared War*, but also, punningly, *The Unspeakable War*) may never be in public release here, so only brief mention of this sublime and shattering film seems warranted. Modeling himself on Marcel Ophuls's *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Tavernier picked a single city—Grenoble—and interviewed at great length several men (and, more succinctly, two women) whose lives were affected by the never officially recognized eight-year war that cost France, besides Algeria, some thirty thousand dead and tens of thousands of physically or mentally injured. The exact figures were never released by the French government, and though some of the maimed received financial help, full compensation was never granted. This was, after all, not a declared war.

Tavernier limits himself to showing the faces of those he and his associate interviewed, and sometimes a bit of their immediate surroundings. Also occasional shots of Grenoble and the relevant Algerian landscapes. Further, snapshots taken by these men, or of them by companions in arms. Save for a few explanatory words, Tavernier lets the men speak for themselves. There is no commentary from other sources, but their answers are often presented in such a way as to corroborate, elaborate on, or dispute what another of them has said. The result is four hours that are moving, funny, horrible, and absolutely riveting.

There is more here about war and peace, nobility and stupidity, men's strength and weaknesses than in almost anything else I have ever seen. Strong men who have not talked about their experiences even to their families now do to the camera. Someone asks whether he has to reveal all, and, urged to do so, gets all choked up and has to make a fresh start. Some men weep. Some don't, but you can see what thirty years of wrestling with unquellable memories has cost them. Some have learned awesome lessons; some nothing. In the end, you find out what each of these men does in civilian life, and how his social position colors his views. Without voicing a single opinion, Tavernier gives you a seminar in history. Also in living. □

TELEVISION

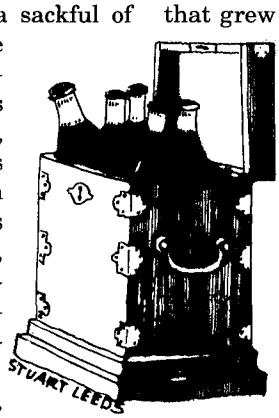
Three Cheers

ROB LONG

ON THURSDAY, May 20, *Cheers* will have broadcast its final episode. It may or not be the most highly rated television event in history (as of this writing, that honor belongs to *M*A*S*H*), but if the broadcast fails to lure every living creature to sit and watch, it won't have been for lack of publicity.

Retrospectives of the series appeared in over fifty daily newspapers. *TV Guide* and *Life* have run gushing cover stories. Not to mention *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People*. NBC has hyped the final episode on *Today*, *Dateline NBC*, and an entire episode of *The Tonight Show*. The last show is preceded by a half-hour documentary, and followed in some areas by live local news broadcasts from local bars, where patrons sipped beer and discussed the series.

And why not a little hype? After all, *Cheers* was on the air for 11 years, for a total of 275 episodes. For 7 of those years, it ranked in the Neilsen Top Ten. The show won a sackful of Emmys, and remains one of the most popular American television exports around the world. And yet, for conservatives, *Cheers* is distinguished by an even higher honor: in all of its 11 years, not once—never, ever—did the show attempt to uplift, edify, educate, or raise the consciousness of its audience.



Odd though it seems, that trait alone marks *Cheers* as a conservative sitcom—the only such one. Long before the Quayle–Brown Wars, television characters were forever encountering decent, sober homeless people who, if not for Ronald Reagan, would be hard at work building orphanages; or the whole gang would learn a valuable lesson from a white male heterosexual AIDS patient who didn't wear a condom because he couldn't get one from his eighth-grade teacher.

The trouble began—of course—in the 1960s. Around that time, intellectuals began to refer to "the media" when they really meant one medium in particular, television. By adding the prefix "mass" they rendered the whole enterprise somehow academically respectable, in a sexy, Marxist sort of way. The mass media, they declared, were an immensely powerful force in American life, and had the power to change the world. In many ways, they were right: CNN and satellite news services did indeed change the world. The same cannot be said of *The Cosby Show*.

Or *Cheers*. And that's just fine. We operated under a very simple, and profitable, premise: the American television audience is more or less like us, has roughly the same sense of humor as we do, is as intelligent as we are, works hard during the day, and at night turns on the television for a few laughs. For education, Americans read a book. For spiritual uplift, they go to church. But for pure entertainment, they come to us. Grasp that, and there's a $2-million house in Malibu with your name on the mailbox. As Lionel Chetwynd, the film director, has pointed out, the irony is that the generation raised on the sanitized, family-values-laden sitcoms of the 1950s grew up to take LSD and riot in the streets; whereas the generation that grew up with the Maoist sitcoms of Norman Lear voted twice for Ronald Reagan and once for George Bush. So much for the transforming power of television sitcoms.

In fact, for sheer political incorrectness, *Cheers* lists an astonishing number of crimes: we treated alcohol and alcohol dependency in a cavalier, thoughtless fashion; we tried at least once per episode to depict our lead character, Sam Malone, gleefully objectifying women; through the character of Frasier Crane, we impugned the entire psychiatric profession; Rebecca was a paper tiger of a career woman who really just wanted a husband. Thinking back, I'd say it's a wonder the network broadcast the show at all.

Mr. Long was a writer for and co-executive producer of Cheers.

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But they had no choice. It was too damn popular.

Meanwhile, though, everyone else on television was trying to get America worked up about the greenhouse effect, or some other liberal claptrap. Many of the actors on our show were active in left-wing political causes. Some, like Ted Danson, became very public spokesmen for their pet causes (in Danson's case, the environmental movement).

Yet give them credit: not once did they impose or impress their political beliefs on the characters they portrayed, and they never asked for a script or storyline with which to spread the gospel of their favorite cause. The actors, too, knew the secret of the show: respect the audience. Using an essentially trivial format to convert the audience to a particular political view is not only condescending and arrogant, it's also impossible to do and still be funny. Exhibit A is the fate of *Designing Women*, arguably the most liberal show on television, and the most insufferably didactic. Check the ratings. The final episode of *Designing Women* will come and go without so much as a ripple on the PR radar screen.

Cheers, which ran from 1981 to 1993, owes its success to the Reagan Doctrine, which itself first appeared in 1981. This Doctrine states that the American people are not stupid. They are not philistines. They do not need to be coddled or educated or sensitized by the cultural elite. They need to be entertained. Sing, dance, tell a joke, or shut up and get off the stage.

This is why conservatives should mourn the end of *Cheers*. With its passing, it leaves only high-minded liberal nonsense with precious few yuks. Although, to be honest, it was not always perceived so sympathetically. I got a call several months ago from the Christian Broadcasting Network. They wanted to interview me about my experiences as a conservative in Hollywood. The CBN reporter was especially interested in how a NATIONAL REVIEW–reading, Reagan-loving patriot could write a liberal show like *Cheers*. I carefully explained to him why I think *Cheers* is a conservative sit-com.

"But . . . but . . . ," he sputtered, "everything your characters do is . . . is immoral."

Immoral, perhaps. But still conservative. □

DELECTATIONS

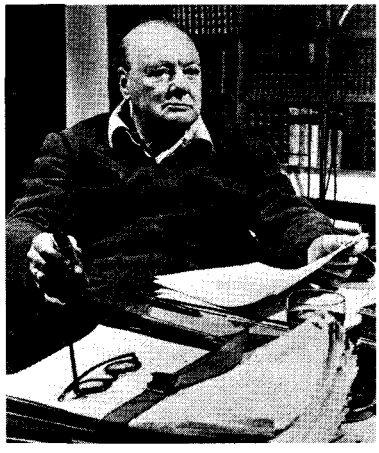
Bad Sport

TAKI

JOHN Stuart Mill once wrote that the most important battle, as far as the English world was concerned, took place not at Hastings in 1066 but at Marathon in 490 B.C. Although I may be prejudiced, I agree with JSM that the battle of Marathon was all-important because that is where the forces of light, logic, and civilization turned back the forces of darkness and barbarism. The forces of light were, naturally, the ten thousand Athenians under Miltiades. The black hats were the thirty thousand Persians. Once the Athenians had made mincemeat of their opponents, Miltiades ordered his best runner, Pheidippides, to Athens. An anxious populace was waiting for news. In case of a Persian victory, the city would be burned and the populace would head for the hills. Pheidippides did not jog that day. He ran full tilt, and dropped dead as he entered the city gates and pronounced victory.

I'm not sure the marathon ever became part of the ancient Olympic games. Nor am I certain it was Pheidippides who did the running. After all, he was a general, and generals usually send soldiers to perform such tasks. What I am sure of is that Pheidippides' devotion to duty was commemorated by the modern Olympic fathers, as well it should be. Sport at the turn of this century was not exactly conducted in the spirit of today. Cheating nowadays is viewed as outsmarting one's opponent. In the good old days, when manners meant more than money, sportsmen were taught the glorification of the ancient Greek

Taki Theodoracopulos is the author of Nothing to Declare *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*



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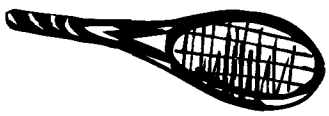
ideal, which is a general, harmonious expansion of all the powers that make the beauty and worth of human nature.

Sports are more pervasive today than at any other time in our history. One cannot turn on the idiot tube without viewing saturation coverage of every conceivable sport, maddening an already sports-demented public even more. Increasingly, sports are used as a political vehicle, and the time will come when the goons of the football field, the freaks of the basketball courts, and the thugs of ice hockey



will be in Washington deciding our future. What bothers me about this—after all, I've been an athlete all my life—is that our present-day sports idols are giving the wrong message to the young. The breakdown of sportsmanship and fair play reflects society, or is it the other way around?

Take for example tennis. It was once known as a game for gentlemen. The tennis rule book was the thinnest since the Puerto Rican social register. This was so because a gent was expected not to cheat or use gamesmanship; thus only the elementary rules were included. No longer. Ever since megabucks entered the game, people such as Jimmy Connors, John McEnroe, and others I won't deign to mention in the elegant pages of *NR* have turned the once graceful sport into the equivalent of outdoor mud-wrestling. Players now grunt loudly when they hit the ball, more in order to bother their opponent than to enhance their breathing; almost everyone uses foul language. The dress code has suffered the most.

The only tradition that has survived is the game itself, but its elegance and subtlety have definitely gone. The new high-tech racquets have changed the game for the worse. Everything is boom-boom, with lots of topspin but without finesse or touch. This makes for a far less interesting game. Once upon a time, a courageous player of inferior ability could beat his superior opponent through wile and sheer hard work. Now, with the ball being hit as hard as it is today, there's no chance for anyone lacking brute power. Technology has changed the game completely. A good comparison is baseball, where the major leagues use only wooden bats; thus the continuity in the level of play has been preserved, and the game has not been overpowered by technology.

But far worse has been the general attitude of the players. Money, of course, is partly to blame. The stars seem to forget that the end does not always justify the means. As I write this, I have just seen McEnroe playing Andre Agassi and, although losing badly, abusing the umpire with four-letter words I would not use against a Serbian rapist. And every word is being heard because of the mikes situated next to the chair. McEnroe has a lot to answer for.

I first got on the tennis circuit back in 1956, and stayed on it until 1967. I played in Wimbledon and in the Davis Cup for Greece. Back then tennis was fun, and the great players acted like champions on and off the court. So you can imagine my pleasure when suddenly, five years ago, I discovered the joys of veteran tennis. There is a whole, year-round circuit for golden oldies, starting with 45, 50, 55—my group—60, 65, and so on up until 80. The bad thing about veteran tennis is that none of us are what we used to be; the good is that McEnroe-like behavior is as rare there as gentlemen are on the pro circuit today.

I choose to play only in tournaments that take place in resorts such as Beaulieu, Deauville, and Le Touquet, all in France. Italy and Hungary have some fine tournaments, but the best by far are in German resorts and in Switzerland. My doubles partner, Nicky Kalogeropoulos, an ex-Wimbledon champion, travels with me, and I cannot describe the fun we have competing without any pressure. Some tournaments offer hospitality, but all the players are there purely for the love of tennis. Almost nobody cheats, and there are referees only for the finals. No linesmen, yet very few bad calls. Which goes to prove that the pros argue for gamesmanship's sake, nothing more, nothing less.

Nicky and I have won the Greek veterans a couple of times, and this year are going to make an all-out effort for international honors. If we win we'll be happy. If we don't, ditto. The ultimate truth is that the amateur glories in his natural talent. The pro glories in his monetary reward. The amateur will try the hardest shot even though he has had less practice. The pro will go for the percentage. It makes more sense, but it makes for a duller world. And a more dishonest one. Pheidippides, wherever you are, come back. I can't stand watching McEnroe try only when chasing his paycheck. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Family Bonds: Adoption and the Politics of Parenting, by Elizabeth Bartholet (Houghton Mifflin, 263 pp., $21.95)

BUCKING current trends, Harvard Law professor Elizabeth Bartholet is unabashedly in favor of adoption: her own struggles to adopt led her to write this powerful, fascinating indictment of the adoption process. As Professor Bartholet discovered, would-be parents are subjected to the most intrusive and restrictive screenings, miles of bureaucratic red tape, exorbitant fees, and unsubstantiated horror stories in the media portraying adoption as fraught with danger. Very few "desirable" children (i.e., healthy white infants) are available for adoption in the U.S., but thousands of people wish to be parents, and thousands of older, minority, and handicapped children are rendered unadoptable by the maze of laws favoring biological parents' rights and opposing trans-racial adoption. International adoption, meanwhile, often involves extended visits abroad and is hampered by U.S. immigration restrictions and international law. The author sees the bias against adoption as one inordinately in favor of biological bonds, and ignoring the role nurturing plays in parenting; she urges reforms to make adoption easier and a redefinition of "suitable" parents to include singles, those over forty, and homosexuals. She neglects to point out that the powerful abortion lobby in this country has been working steadily to make adoption an unattractive choice, since every "unwanted" baby brought to term is a loss for abortion profiteers. The choice of adopting also undermines a central "pro-choice" argument: that, for the pregnant woman unprepared to raise a child herself, the only alternative is to abort.

—MARIA MCFADDEN

(Continues on page 68)

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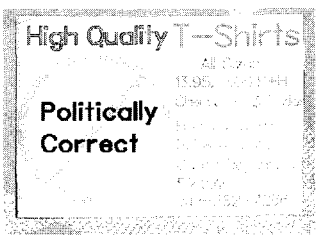

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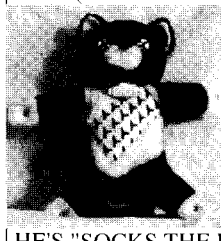

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FREE ISSUE OF *CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY*. S.A.S.E. to: P. O. Box 18076, Anaheim, Calif. 92817.

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 64)

Beyond Left and Right: Breaking the Political Stalemate, by A. Lawrence Chickering (ICS Press, 256 pp., $22.95)

A SUCCESSFUL application of democracy relies on a delicate synthesis of freedom and order. Too much freedom inevitably leads to chaos; too much order to Rumania. The intellectual community is now overwhelmed by the debate on how to reconcile these differences, Lawrence Chickering contends. This polarization, he adds, has led to (or is a result of) less a debate than a battle of sides whose arguments tend to focus on merely opposing. Facts and a coherent rationale are absent. It depends, of course, on whom you talk to. Conservatives would argue that their positions favor an equilibrium: curtailing freedoms only so far as to preserve civility; stressing order without curtailing our natural liberties. Liberals would defend the deconstruction of certain restraints on behavior and the erection of new ones as justified by the final end of equality for all. *Beyond Left and Right*, though a bit dry, is both thought-provoking and correct in its premise. But contrary to Chickering's suppositions, there's much to indicate that *intellectual* currents are moving to the right. Responsible liberals are striving to reclaim the center. But the momentum of the Left in the implementation of public policy by sheer political force, despite its proven failures, continues unabated. Society must eventually clean up the wreckage. —GEOFFREY MORRIS

The Collected Stories, by Reynolds Price (Atheneum, 704 pp., $25)

PRICE'S collected short fiction represents a career spanning nearly forty years. The best stories here are comparable to those of Caroline Gordon (especially "The Long Day"), Flannery O'Connor, and occasionally—when describing the confusion, fear, and wonder of boyhood—Ray Bradbury. The strongest are those set in the rural South and include "The Warrior Princess Ozimba," "The Anniversary," and "Two Useful Visits." "A Chain of Love" remains one of the most moving and best crafted American short stories of this century, while "An Early Christmas," set in modern Israel, is a multi-layered work of high accomplishment. With their unique, seamless melding of traditional narrative forms with interior monologue, Price's stories concern ruminations upon the consequences of past decisions, for good or ill; the recognition of a costly spiritual debt owed by the present generation to its predecessor; and the joy, agony, and ultimate goodness of life. "Life is its own end," Russell Kirk has written, summarizing the impulse of Bradbury's stories in words also true of Price's, "if one has a soul to tell him so."

—JAMES E. PERSON JR.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 E		2 R	3 D	4 I	5 N	6 O		7 F	8 B	9 K	10 M		11 C	12 T	13 A	14 N		15 J	16 D		17 I
18 P		19 C	20 L	21 U	22 G	23 T		24 P	25 K	26 H	27 N		28 R	29 V		30 J	31 M	32 F		33 B	34 I
35 H		36 K	37 A	38 J	39 D	40 F		41 N	42 R	43 T	44 E	45 P	46 K		47 S	48 C	49 H	50 A	51 O		52 R
53 M	54 F		55 G	56 L	57 T	58 N	59 E	60 D		61 O	62 C	63 K		64 H	65 I	66 J	67 F		68 N	69 R	70 P
71 M	72 L	73 B		74 E	75 O	76 C	77 T	78 K		79 R	80 V	81 D	82 I	83 N	84 O		85 L	86 J	87 H		88 F
89 B	90 M	91 U	92 K	93 R	94 E	95 S		96 H	97 F	98 C	99 N	100I	101Q		102M	103U	104A		105J	106R	107L
108D		109O	110Q	111T	112I		113D	114K	115E	116B	117V	118A	119P	120O	121R		122J	123C	124V	125T	126Q
127N	128I	129F		130U	131M		132U	133N	134H	135D		136M	137L	138Q	139E		140K	141B	142N	143D	144E
	145O	146K	147E		148S	149G	150I	151V	152J	153H		154D	155S	156P	151I		158P	159H	160F	161T	162L
163A		164H	165O	166D	167A	168J	169B	170C	171G	172P		173R		174R	175F	176T	177Q	178B			

DEFINITIONS

A. Sam Spade, e.g. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
163 50 167 13 118 104 37

B. A greenery-yallery kind of arts enthusiast ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
33 116 73 141 8 178 169 89

C. Suddenly wealthy city ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
48 123 76 11 170 98 19 62

D. Lemonade on a summer day ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
81 135 16 60 39 113 3 166 108 143
154

E. Pressing ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
44 115 139 59 144 1 74 147 94

F. All over the place! ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
129 160 97 40 54 7 88 67 175 32

G. Limb element ___ ___ ___ ___
22 171 149 55

H. Like a shelled battlefield ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
96 49 164 134 64 159 153 26 35 87

I. Revolting Beatles tune ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
34 112 128 65 100 17 150 4 82 157

J. Vessel of capitalism? ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
15 38 86 152 66 30 105 168 122

K. Concerned with details ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
36 9 140 78 92 63 25 114 146 46

L. Sir Walter Scott effort ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
56 107 85 162 137 20 72

M. Double-dealer? (hyph.) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
136 102 131 10 71 53 31 90

N. Dangerous stimulant ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
142 41 99 58 83 14 133 68 127 5
27

O. Paperback emporium ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
75 165 145 6 84 51 61 120 109

P. Bestowed in great abundance ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
24 156 70 119 18 158 45 172

Q. Make like Bette Davis ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
138 177 110 126 101

R. Important choo-choo destination ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
174 79 106 28 2 173 93 42 69 121
52

S. Hasty ___ ___ ___ ___
148 47 95 155

T. Exciting ill will ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
176 111 43 161 23 125 12 77 57

U. Feature of a face, or of a river ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
132 91 21 130 103

V. Concern of Aristotle ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
80 117 151 29 124

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. [E. J.] DIONNE: *There Goes Mr. Bill*: "The Clinton Administration has been confusing everybody about its policy toward world trade, alternating between soothing talk about open markets and roars about discrimination against American goods . . ."

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Bill's Fairness Bill

NEW YORK, MAY 7

It is fun to reflect on the title of the bill the Congress is about to pass, the Cesar Chavez Workplace Fairness Bill. Its earlier incarnation was as the Striker Replacement Bill. The spin-types thought that wasn't as good as it might be, so the second time it came in as the Workplace Fairness Bill. This time they have attached the name of a recently deceased hero of the union movement.

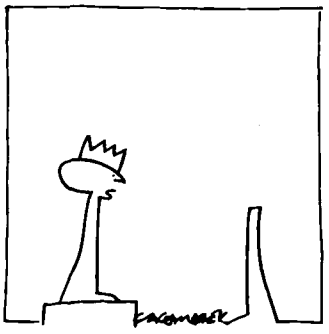
What the bill says is that if there is a strike, employers are forbidden to hire replacement workers on a permanent basis. That is to say, when the strike is settled, the striking workers are to have the right to eject the workers who came in in their place. A brief history of the issue takes us back to 1938, when organized labor under FDR pressed for such a provision, and the case went to the Supreme Court. The court made an interesting distinction: If the objective of the strikers is to force employers to recognize their rights under the various labor codes, then when the strike ends, the strikers have to be re-employed. But if the strike is over some other question—compensation, say—then the employers may attempt to attract substitute workers by offering permanent positions.

Organized labor, which went heavily for Bill Clinton in November, quite brazenly put this at the top of the list of favors expected, and Mr. Clinton is paying off. Both the House and the Senate will by substantial majorities vote in favor of the Cesar Chavez Bill, but it is not absolutely certain that the Senate majority will be substantial enough to override a filibuster of the kind so deftly organized by Senator Robert Dole a couple of weeks ago. And cogent arguments are being aired. Senator Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas, who is a moderate and a woman of enormous sense and sensibility, made the point that "there is little incentive for labor to make demands that are reasonable and reflect market realities" when there is no believable threat to their jobs.

The idea of collective bargaining is that both sides should stand to risk something substantial. If the managers of the Minnie Mousetrap Company are doing very nicely and refusing to share the company's good fortune with its workers, a strike is called. The company stands to lose business during its comatose state. And, years ago, workers stood to lose their income. Gradually the plight of the striking worker was ameliorated. For many years, secondary strikers could be called in to punish any company that continued to sell materials to Minnie. This right was diminished by the Taft–Hartley Act, but unemployment benefits were authorized in many states, and these were not taxed. Some years ago Professor Martin Feldstein calculated that a striker in Massachusetts stood to lose only 10 per cent of his income. Since in exchange for that 10 per cent the worker got the whole week off, it was not a bad deal.

The AFL-CIO has been especially incensed over the quarrel last year with the Caterpillar Company. It finally prevailed in a bitter strike in which the forces involved engaged not in conciliation but in polarization, but only because management finally threw up its hands in despair of a compromise and began to offer jobs to other workers.

It is a widely unnoticed factor that the true victim in much labor agitation is the poorest worker. The minimum-wage law is an attempt to discriminate against the most disadvantaged worker, who is generally youthful, unskilled, or a recent immigrant. When the first of these minimum-wage laws was passed at an effective economic level, i.e., at one which made the price of labor rise to proportions that threatened solvency, the market retaliated by automating. The elevator operator disappeared, and the self-operated elevator was introduced. Similarly, the current bill would militate against men and women who do not have jobs and are willing to settle for less compensation.



"It may be hindsight, but I think I liked you better with your head."

And all of this at a critical moment in which business recovery hangs in the balance—a recovery that would mean more jobs, more exports, more revenues. One hopes for a successful filibuster. If so, no doubt the bill will be reintroduced under the next Democratic President, perhaps as the Cesar Chavez Workplace Civil Rights Fairness Bill. □

Re-enter Bush?

NEW YORK, MAY 10

Leslie Gelb, who is leaving the *New York Times* to serve as president of the Council on Foreign Relations, wrote a fine paragraph in his (endless) exploration of the Bosnian question, which assails us all (endlessly): "The U.S. and other powers obviously cannot and should not use force in all places where people are killing each other. But to argue that the big powers or the UN should not intervene anywhere unless they intervene everywhere is pure sophistry. To intervene nowhere pleases only the foolish god of consistency. Leaders will have to practice highly imperfect international triage and save as many as they reasonably can. They cannot maintain civilization and look away."

The analysis here nicely handles the problem of the Wilsonian imperative, which was that it is the responsibility of the United States to make the world safe for democracy. When we entered Somalia, I ventured that a superpower should not bar itself from an aristocratic exercise of power to effect clearly philanthropic purposes. This view is I think justified retroactively. Somalia is not a reconstituted country, but famine and pestilence were checked at an exiguous price, and the record will show for generations that we intervened to save an entire people from starvation.

The Euclideans jump in with a list of people who are hungry in 28 other countries, and ask: Why aren't we doing the same thing for them? The most obvious answer is: Because we do not have the resources to do so. And Mr. Gelb eloquently frames the point that because we can't do it everywhere does not mean we can't do it here and there.

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The greatest slaughter since Hitler—indeed, per capita, greatly in excess of Hitler—was Pol Pot's venture in Cambodia 1975–1978. This was immediately post-Vietnam, and the fetters against executive action were secure. One recalls the wonderful blurt of that season, which came from Senator George McGovern. Why, he asked at a Senate hearing, don't we send a military unit to Cambodia and stop the bloodletting? The answer is that Congress had acted, in part at McGovern's prompting, to pull the U.S. military out of that part of the world. But our failure to act in Cambodia must not haunt us to the point of immobility forever.

The concrete problem faced by Mr. Clinton is to tell us what can be done; and then to formulate a policy that puts the Europeans on the spot. He will need to describe what are the dangers of continuing to do nothing. Perhaps we can persuade ourselves that our grief over the suffering in Bosnia will have to remain Platonic. But we may not be able to persuade ourselves that we could continue to be insensible to what very well might happen if we do nothing. The Serbs are animated by the morale of an army on the march, and if they proceed south, what has been a civil war will become a war in which Greece and almost certainly Turkey will become involved. A war between two NATO members, animating a spirit of revenge against the infidel, which could bring a) an end to any prospect of peace in the Near East, b) a mobilization of Islamic determination to conquer Serbia, and c) the threat of civil disturbances in the southern tier of the old Soviet Union that could result in a renewal of life under the threat of nuclear destruction.

All of these developments would strike sooner at Europe than at us. It was so during the Cold War. For forty years we had to swallow the irony that some of our allies who stood most immediately to profit from our containment policies were not making appropriate sacrifices to implement those policies. But any retaliation on that account would have been petulant and self-destructive. It doesn't pay to punish a delinquent ally by forsaking a common objective.

A dramatic act by President Clinton is called for in these anarchic days. He should call George Bush and ask him to serve as special mediator. Mr. Bush should travel to London and Paris, Bonn and Rome and Brussels, and test whether what he did so brilliantly in 1991 will work one more time. If Mr. Clinton is seriously thinking about using aircraft carriers and Marines, he should be prepared to use the services of a deposed President. □

How to Be Polite And Live With Yourself

NEW YORK, APRIL 16

The lady seated opposite said that she wished to ask a direct question and that it had to do with "the protocols of the women's movement." I am reminded that I have already violated said protocols by referring to her as a "lady." That is improper, feminist Clare Boothe Luce told me many years ago—"unless, in the identical context, you would if referring to a man be prepared to use, 'gentleman.'" I plead guilty. I would not, however, feel quite right if I had said "the woman seated opposite," because she was probably just under 21 years old (a senior at college). And to have referred to the "girl" seated opposite sounds patronizing. Well, just one more of the difficulties one faces in connection with the point she wished to raise.

It was that I had, in the formalities immediately preceding, referred to her as the "chairman," notwithstanding that she had been introduced as the "chair." It seemed to her that for me to refer to her as a chairman minutes after she had been referred to as "chair" was a form of "imperialism"—either that, or a form of "disapproval," which, she was kind enough to say, was argued against by her general impression of my courteous manners.

I said that she had a point here to which insufficient attention has been given—but "I'll give you a tougher one," said I: The student newspaper over which many years ago I presided as editor-in-chief recently handed down an edict: henceforward, no reference was ever to be published in the newspaper to a "freshman." First-year students were to be called "freshpersons." I am not sure that my lips, however flogged on to extraordinary exertion, would frame the word "freshperson." I'd have to confess that rather than use the word, I'd be prepared to be accused by all one thousand freshpersons at my university of being an insensitive chauvinist pig. So that the question becomes, really, How far does courtesy require you to go in reshaping your vocabulary? And, on the other side, will the feminists give a little and recognize that hard rolls of barbed wire stand in the way of some people who take pride in the language yet do not wish to offend?

My memory went back twenty years or so, when Jesse Jackson was for the first time my guest on *Firing Line* and I referred to him as a "Negro leader." He raised his hand: "I prefer to be called 'black.'" I instantly yielded the point, notwithstanding that the word was not then everywhere used in place of Negro. Said I, to the lady: I haven't seen Jesse for a few months, but suppose that the situation were repeated, except that this time he said he preferred to be called an "Afro-American." To such a demand, I explained, I would not instantly yield, for the reason that to do so would make me informally acquiescent in that compulsion to multiculturalism the result of which would be to eliminate the word "American" from the working vocabulary (I would be an Irish-Swiss-French-American, which gets awkward). In other words, I pleaded, didn't she agree that the line exists this side of which courtesy by the interlocutor is the rule, the other side of which, understanding by the ideologue ought to govern?

She said she would think that one over, but, she added, why would I object to the use of the word "chair"? After all, she said, the women's movement has traveled some distance en route to that word, having gone through chairperson, which was holding ground for several years, before "chair" came to the rescue? To this I answered that some notice should be taken, and indulgence given, to the temperament of individual people. Some are, to use the old sociological term, "custom-crusted." It is literally more difficult for some, than for others, to utter the word "chairperson." I doubt I have ever used it. What one does, in scrambling about for a gender-free term, is look for other ways of saying "it"—even if they are cumbersome, and require the use of a clause. "I wish to thank the student responsible for the arrangements here tonight"—there, you got through what you needed to say without confronting the chairman/chairperson/chair problem.

As we know, there are whole genderless dictionaries out, where we learn how to handle such real problems as "Man was born free, but everywhere he is in chains." ("People were born free but everywhere people are in chains.") "Handle" is exactly the right word, because turning poetry into street prose can communicate the thought, but leaves us with less than what we had before.

But anyway, the . . . chair and I parted friends. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Cat Got Your Lip?

AM I missing something, or has Bill Clinton given up lower-lip-biting? I watch our President's every TV appearance, and as the hundred days drew to a close I sensed a slight change in deportment. Photo ops came and went, and not once did I see him bite his lower lip. Perhaps this is a retrenchment, or a bow to political reality, or a reappraisal arrived at after careful consideration of a variety of viewpoints—or perhaps, as the White House would say, my premise itself is mistaken, and the President has never bitten his lower lip.

But that clearly isn't true, for the lower-lip-bite is one of Clinton's signatures, an act of self-definition as unmistakable as a Jack Benny double-take or a Jimmy Carter eye-boggle. I consulted a videotape of our President's most extensive recent public appearance, his solo press conference of April 23. Every other trademark was abundantly in evidence. He smiled when there was nothing to smile about. He crinkled his eyes and chuckled even though nobody had said anything funny. He paused thoughtfully when he clearly wasn't thinking. The minutes ticked by. And then, three-quarters of the way through the allotted time, he called on a pretty reporter—and at last the front teeth slipped out and dug into the lower lip . . . but only for a fleeting moment before they disappeared. The President quickly recovered by doing a Kirk Douglas jaw flex.

That's it—a 45-minute appearance and precisely one lip-bite. There were moments in the campaign—recall the presidential debates—when Clinton's lip-biting grew so frequent, so intense, you wanted to call a medic. It was a gesture of innocence and humility. At the pulpit of a black church, let's say, as the congregation swelled in a typhoon of Amens and adulation, the candidate would raise his head and bite his lower lip for a full quarter-minute or more, his eyes glistening, his countenance sending a silent message heavenward: *Not my will, but Thine, be done.*

And it worked. After the uneven performance of the first hundred days, Clinton is said to want to recreate himself yet again. Which makes this abandonment of the lip-bite doubly puzzling. Why the lip-bite, and not the sling-cut, two-button suits that make the presidential paunch look like the prow of the *Santa Maria*? Even odder, while the lip-bite is deleted, for whatever reason, from the President's vocabulary of sign language, his equally rehearsed, similarly transparent hand gestures remain in full force.

THESE TOO are signatures of the Clinton persona. Most famous, perhaps, is the JFK Air Jab. The Air Jab takes two forms: index finger forcefully, even accusatorily extended, as in "Ask not . . ."; and thumb pressed flat behind the fist, with the fleshy tip protruding. Here the forcefulness seems tempered, its explosive capacity held in check. It is indispensable for underlining the word "bold."

The President, of course, is a pro-business Democrat, so in selecting other hand gestures he has borrowed from the world of commerce, specifically from Lee Iacocca, whose television ads taught an entire generation of public speakers to count using their thumb first. Ticking off the virtues of the K-car, Iacocca always led with the thumb. The effect was no-nonsense; it also deflected a potential problem, which was that the K-car didn't have any virtues. No matter. Since Iacocca, only sissies count using the index finger for number one. Nissan owners probably count that way. The President does not.

In the quintessential Clinton gesture, the President uses two hands. Fingers splayed, shoulders hunched, he brings his hands to the center of his chest, to his heart, metaphorically to the core of his being. Sometimes the hands are loosely cupped before either pectoral, calling to mind the old sexist joke about the girl with arthritis in both hands. It is a semaphore of trustworthiness, usually employed when he is saying something untrue. In the April press conference, when he said that "almost all" of his proposed tax increases "come from the highest-income people in our society," his hands folded toward his heart. "It is not merely that these things that I'm saying to you are untrue," his hands seem to say. "They are untrue in a deeply intimate way that is essential to who I am as a person." It takes two hands to handle a whopper.

Like the lip bite, this repertoire of fists and jabs and sweeping arms may soon be up for reappraisal. There was a moment in the press conference when the studiedness broke down, and all the hand gestures erupted at once. He was defending the North American Free Trade Agreement. "This is an idea battle," he said. The hands moved inward. "Not every one of these things can be distilled simply into politics." The thumbs popped up; then the fingers jabbed the air in confusion. "A lot of these things honestly involve real debates over ideas," he said, "over who's right and wrong about the world toward which we're moving." His arms swept out, then back. It was the finest moment of his Presidency, for he was saying something incontestably true. He looked like a man who was drowning. —ANDREW FERGUSON

"Remember, it's not what you know or who you know—it's what you know about *who."*

Mr. Ferguson is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

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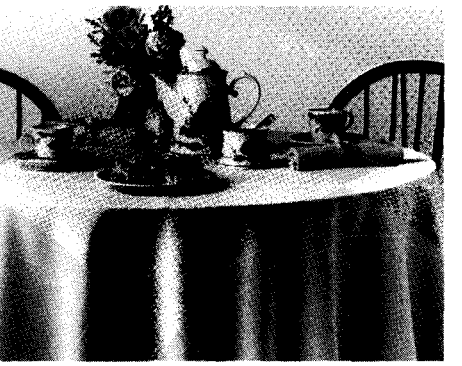

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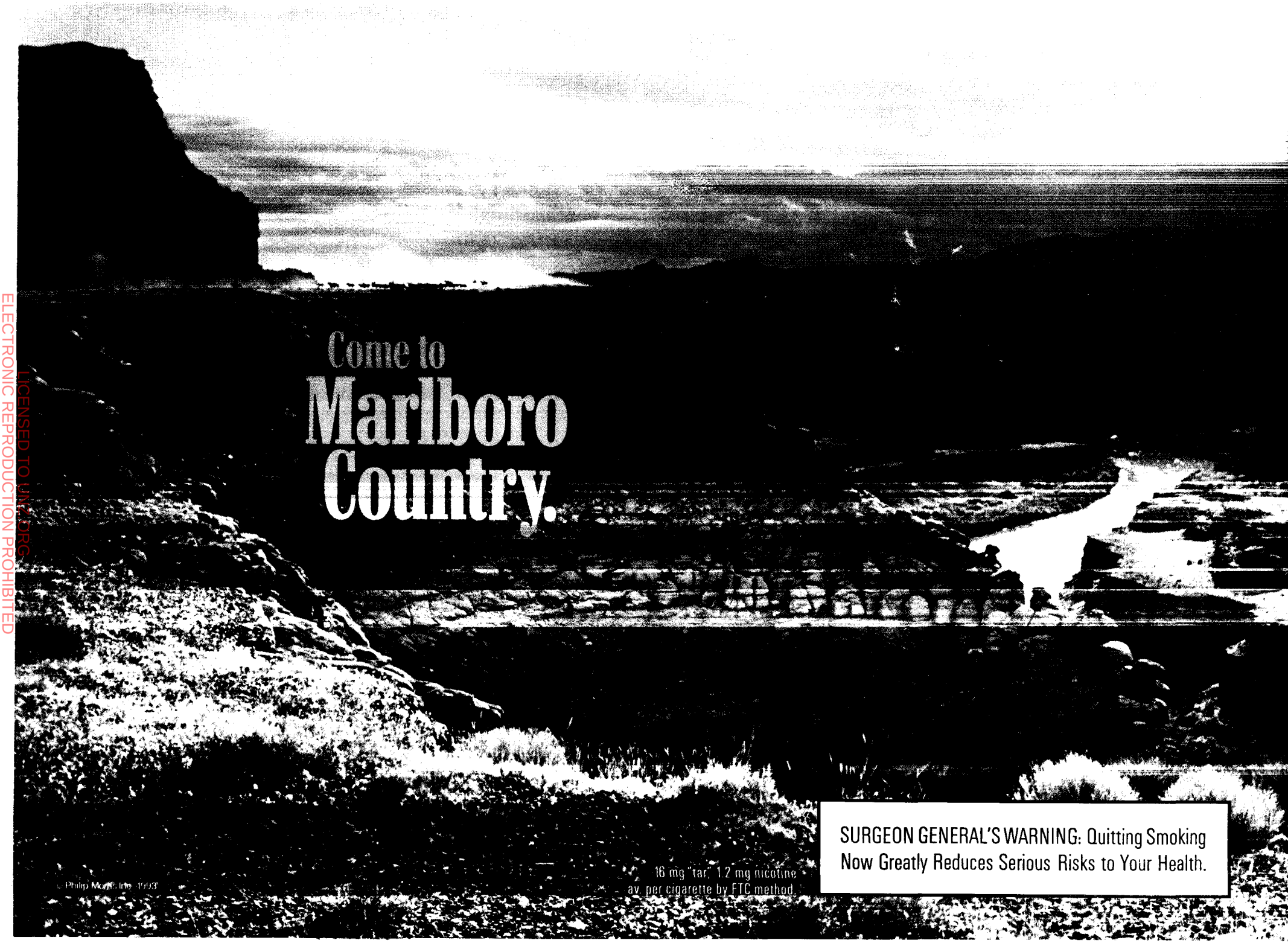
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